This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

AND THE CAVALIERS

MRS FREDERICK BOAS

1-3 O.K.

4. Authors, English - 17th cent.

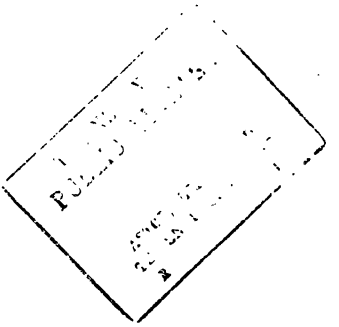
(to C) H. B. Carter

CIB

Rou

CHAS. E. LAURIAT CO.
IMPORTERS & BOOKSELLERS
385 Wash'n St. Boston

WITH MILTON AND THE CAVALIERS



Walker & Cockerell.

JOHN MILTON.

From the painting by Van der Plaas in the National Portrait Gallery.

[illegible] MILTON [illegible]
[illegible] THE CAVALIERS

[illegible] YORK
[illegible] AND COMPANY

[illegible]
[illegible] & CO., LIMITED
1905

WITH MILTON AND THE CAVALIERS

BY

MRS. FREDERICK BOAS

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN,"
"IN SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND"

L.C

NEW YORK
JAMES POTT AND COMPANY

LONDON
JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED
1905

FRIDERICO YORK POWELL

HISTORIAE HODIERNAE PROFESSORI REGIO,

PRAECEPTORI LOCUPLETI, ACUTO MONITORI, FIDO AMICO.

OPUSCULUM, IPSIUS PERMISSU IPSI ANTE CINERES OBLATUM,

DEFUNCTI SANCTAE MEMORIAE SACRUM,

MUNUS QUALECUMQUE,

DEDICO

Barnes + Noble / February 1945

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
304843B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1945 L

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	CHARLES I.	1
II.	OLIVER CROMWELL	38
III.	THE CAVALIERS: PRINCE RUPERT, MONTROSE, AND GORING	69
IV.	THE PURITANS: HAMPDEN AND HUTCHINSON .	96
V.	STRAFFORD AND PYM	127
VI.	LAUD AND JUXON	151
VII.	BUNYAN	174
VIII.	JEREMY TAYLOR, BAXTER, AND FOX . . .	210
IX.	GEORGE HERBERT, AND LORD FALKLAND. .	237
X.	TWO PROSE WRITERS: LORD CLARENDON AND SIR THOMAS BROWNE	265
XI.	THE POETS: WALLER, CAREW, HERRICK, LOVELACE, AND SUCKLING. VAUGHAN, TRAHERNE, CRASHAW, AND COWLEY. .	287
XII.	MILTON	313

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MILTON	*Frontispiece*	
CHARLES I.	*To face page*	12
OLIVER CROMWELL	„	38
PRINCE RUPERT	„	82
JOHN HAMPDEN	„	102
LORD STRAFFORD	„	128
ARCHBISHOP LAUD	„	152
BUNYAN	„	174
GEORGE HERBERT	„	238
LORD FALKLAND	„	254
SIR THOMAS BROWNE	„	278
EDMUND WALLER	„	288

WITH MILTON AND THE CAVALIERS

CHAPTER I

CHARLES I

THERE is, perhaps, no sadder career in the whole of English history than that of Charles I.

The very designations by which he is known, mark, by their varying character, the changes through which he passed.

He was Baby Charles, he was Charles I., and the White King—so styled by Lilly the Astrologer—then he became merely "the man Charles Stuart," at least in the mouths of many; and now, among those who look only on one side of the picture, he lives in memory always as Charles the Martyr.

Between the first fond foolish name, given by his eccentric but indulgent father, and the last mournful appellation, yawns a gulf which represents a complete change in the English Monarchy.

At the very names Baby Charles, and Steenie, there rises before us the picture of Scottish James,

and his quaint surroundings, that mixture of homeliness and pedantry which he had brought with him from the North, and which harmonised so ill with the still existing splendours of the Court of his great predecessor.

The picture is not dignified, but it is pleasant; we watch the kindly, shrewd, ungainly King, clad in his padded dagger-proof suit, alternately spouting "Dog-Latin," and bad English quotations, or haggling with reluctant tradesmen over the price of their merchandise; and, later on, we see him again as the "dear dad" of Buckingham, encouraging his familiarities, addressing Lord Salisbury as his "Little Beagle," and his son and Buckingham together as his "sweet babes."

And yet, through all the pedantry and extravagance of his letters breathes the spirit of shrewd common sense, which kept his dominions in a state of tranquillity. Men at the time may have called his rule inglorious, but the strength of it they only fully realised when the sceptre passed into Charles' hand.

Born in Scotland, at Dunfermline, on November 19th, 1600, Charles yet possessed little trace of Scottish origin in his character. As a child he was so weak and ailing that it was no easy task to find a noble lady willing to undertake the re-

sponsibility of rearing him. His legs were so feeble that he crawled like a baby until he was nearly seven years old, and besides being very backward in his speech, he had some impediment which he never quite surmounted. His life would probably have been a happy and contented one had his cheery elder brother, Prince Henry, lived to keep him from becoming a king, and to make him in reality, what he promised to do at one time as they played together, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A strong affection existed between the two brothers, which shows through the somewhat forced style of composition in an early letter sent by the little Prince Charles, then nine years old, to his elder brother, and which runs thus :—

"Nothing can be more agreeable to me, dearest brother, than your return to us; for to enjoy your company, to ride with you, to hunt with you, will yield to me supreme pleasure. I am now reading the 'Conversations of Erasmus,' from which I am sure I can learn both the purity of the Latin tongue and elegance of behaviour. Farewell! Your Highness's most loving brother,

CHARLES DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY."

The Dukedom of York was conferred on the little Prince in January 1605, before he was five

years old, and he was crowned with a golden circlet, and a little sword was buckled to his side; as he was beginning to gain strength now, he may have been boyish enough to enjoy its possession. But his love for manly sport, in his early years at least, was less for its own sake than through his affection for his sturdier brother, to whom he writes again :—

"SWEET, SWEET BROTHER,—I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my graith; and I will send my pistols by Master Newton" (Prince Henry's tutor). "I will give anything that I have to you; both my horses, and my books, and my pieces, and my cross-bows, or anything that you would have. Good brother, love me, and I shall ever love and serve you.—Your loving brother to be commanded, YORK."

And another letter runs :—

"GOOD BROTHER,—I hope you are in good health and merry, as I am, God be thanked. In your absence I visit sometimes your stable and ride your great horses, that at your return I may wait on you in that noble exercise. So committing you to God, I rest, Your loving and dutiful brother,

"YORK."

Of his more serious pursuits he writes to his father in early days:—

"SWEET, SWEET FATHER,—i learn to decline substantives and adjectives. Give me your blessing.

"i thank you for my best man.—Your loving son, YORK."

And in an early letter to his mother, Queen Anne, we find one of the few allusions this ascetic prince ever made to "creature comforts." He deplores her sufferings from the gout, "the which," he writes, "I must bear the more patiently, because it is the sign of a long life." And he goes on to say that he must bewail her illness for many causes; "and specially because it is troublesome to you, and has deprived me of your most comfortable sight, and of many good dinners, the which I hope, by God's grace, shortly to enjoy."

Childhood at that time, and especially royal childhood, was soon over; and Prince Charles' ended prematurely just before his twelfth birthday, when his position was changed to one of heavy responsibility by the death of his elder brother. Henceforth he became heir to the kingdoms of England and Scotland.

His was a nature peculiarly ill-fitted to rule.

Grave, reserved, and dignified, with a patient sweetness of disposition which no ill-treatment could sour, and a lofty purity of life which not even the lax morality of his time could affect; he yet lacked most of the qualities which go to make a leader among men. He had narrow sympathies, and an inherent love of crooked ways, and his belief in the Divine Right of Kings was the source of all his troubles. England had passed beyond the day when "the King could do no wrong," and Charles I. was the last man to bring back such a state of things. We need only study the condition, at the time of his accession, of the two kingdoms over which he was called to reign, to see that he needed most that which he most fatally lacked, the qualities of uprightness and strength.

His understanding was narrow, and he had rendered his sympathies still narrower by the style of his reading and his friends. What he needed to learn, and what he never learned to the day of his death, was the power of the English people; that which Queen Elizabeth had understood always, and in which her strength had lain, and that in which lay the strength too of England's latest Queen, Victoria.

A curious foretaste of Charles' attitude towards

the Commons is found in a letter to Buckingham, before he was twenty-one, in which he writes :—

"The Lower House this day has been a little unruly; but I hope it will turn to the best; for, before they rose, they began to be ashamed of it. Yet I could wish that the King would send down a commission here, that (if need were) such seditious fellows might be made an example to others, by Monday next, and till then I would let them alone. It will be seen whether they mean to do good, or to persist in their follies; so that the King needs to be patient but a little while. I have spoken with so many of the council, as the King trusts most, and they are all of his mind, only the sending of authority to set seditious fellows fast is of my adding."

The last sentence is significant of the prince's future attitude towards his own Parliament!

As has so often been the case, Charles' natural defects as a ruler were further aggravated by his choice of a bride.

In February, 1623, he had with difficulty obtained his father's leave to go *incognito* to the court of Spain, accompanied by the King's favourite, Buckingham, for the purpose of negotiating a marriage with the Infanta of Spain.

The expedition was one of continual trials, be-

ginning with that of a bad sea-passage, of which Buckingham writes to King James, "The first that fell sick was your son, and he that continued it longest was myself."

For a time the Spanish marriage seemed likely to be arranged. Of course, the difference of religion between the two was a matter of difficulty, but Charles received a friendly letter from the Pope himself, which he answered at great length: the last sentence reads almost as a prophecy. "Be your holiness persuaded that I am and ever shall be of such moderation as to keep aloof, as far as possible, from every undertaking which may testify any hatred towards the Roman Catholic religion; nay, rather I will seize all opportunities by a gentle and generous mode of conduct to remove all sinister suspicions entirely; so that, as we all confess one undivided Trinity and one Christ crucified, we may be banded together unanimously into one faith. That I may accomplish this, I will reckon as trifling all my labours and vigilance, and even the hazards of kingdoms, and life itself."

But the marriage did not take place. The Spanish princess had contemplated the conversion of Charles, and consequent privileges for the English Roman Catholics; she did not allow her

suitor to converse with her except in public, and he lingered on in Madrid becoming more and more dissatisfied at the state of affairs, until he finally returned home in anger, and the negotiations for the marriage were broken off.

Soon after this came the death of James I. and Charles' accession to the throne. The joy with which his Protestant subjects had seen the failure of his attempt to win the Infanta as his bride was soon damped by his marriage with another Roman Catholic princess, Henrietta Maria, the sister of the French king and the youngest daughter of the famous Henri IV. She was not sixteen at the time of her marriage by proxy in Paris, and she then came over to England, with a large retinue of priests and attendants, and escorted by Buckingham, who had been sent over to Paris for that purpose. She met her young husband at Dover, whither he had come to welcome her; she was evidently no better a sailor than he, for she sent to him a request to delay his arrival at Dover until the day after her own, so as to give her time to recover from the "green sickness."

Henrietta Maria was a little slender, black-eyed maiden of fifteen; brown-haired, dark-skinned, graceful and vivacious. She had been bred up according to the French fashion of the time, with

elegant accomplishments, such as dancing, singing, and acting, but with no training at all in the more serious subjects of education, which might have helped her to understand something about the people among whom she now came to dwell. She had been educated as a devoted Catholic, and she came to her kingdom surrounded with zealous ecclesiastics of her own faith, whose ministrations and prohibitions were a source of trouble between her and her husband from the beginning of their union.

When her mother, Mary de Medici, had parted with her at Amiens, she had given her a letter of advice and exhortation which, while signed and written by her, was in reality the work of Cardinal Richelieu. In this letter breathes the spirit which aggravated so many of the difficulties between the royal pair and their subjects. The young queen is not only urged to be firm and zealous in her own religion, like her great ancestor, St. Louis, but to pray daily, and have special prayers made, that her husband too might be drawn into the true religion. In the light of modern history, it is a little startling to find Henrietta being told that Mary Queen of Scots, her husband's grandmother, is filled in heaven with this great wish for her grandchild.

Animated by such instructions, and with nothing but an uneducated girl's sharp shallow nature to help her, it was not much wonder that the poor child soon grew up into a mischievous intriguer.

Her meeting with Charles at Dover was most affectionate; she kneeled and kissed his hand, and he lifted the small figure in his arms and kissed her many times. Later in the day he, having already dined, carved for her at her first dinner on English soil, for in her storm-tossed condition the previous evening she had probably eaten little.

Venison and pheasant were served, and the Queen partook of both, though warned by her confessor that it was a fast-day, and from this little incident her Protestant subjects formed the erroneous belief that she would soon join the faith of her husband.

A letter written at the time gives a good account of their reception in London, whither they journeyed leisurely *vid* Canterbury and Gravesend, and there embarked on the royal barge.

"The last night at five o'clock, there being a very great shower, the King and Queen in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour, and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers, besides

these, in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, western barges, and on each side of the shore. Fifty good ships discharging their ordnance as their majesties passed along by; as, last of all, the Tower did such a peal, as I believe she never before heard the like. The King and Queen were both in green suits. The barge windows, notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. She put out her hand and shaked it unto them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion."

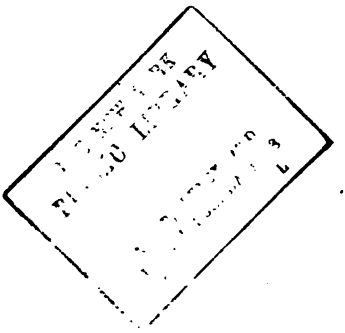
And another contemporary account says: "Yesterday I saw them coming up from Gravesend, and never beheld the King to look so merrily. In stature, her head reached to his shoulder; but she is young enough to grow taller. . . . 'Twixt Gravesend and London she had the beautiful and stately view of part of our Navy that is to go to sea, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred great shot. So they arrived at Whitehall, where they continue till Monday, when they go to Hampton Court. On Sunday there is a great feast at Whitehall."

It is pleasant to think that there were some bright days at the beginning of the marriage

Walker & Cockerell

CHARLES I.

After Van Dyck. In the National Portrait Gallery.



which was to end in such tragic gloom, and that its early days at least were welcomed with as brave a show as graced even some of the progresses of Elizabeth.

But misunderstandings arose almost immediately, and for them two causes seemed specially to blame: on the Queen's side, the fact of her being an instrument in the hands of powerful alien advisers, and on the King's, that he poured all his conjugal differences of the most minute kind into the ears of his favourite, Buckingham. Can anything better illustrate how near a quarrel they were than the fact of such passages as the following occurring in Charles' letters to the Duke before he had been married much more than a year?

"At my first meeting of her at Dover, I could not expect more testimonies of respect and love than she showed; as, to give one instance. Her first suit was, that she being young, and coming to a strange country, both by her years and ignorance of the customs of the place, might commit many errors; therefore, that I would not be angry with her for her faults of ignorance, before I had, by my instructions, learned her to eschew them; and desired me, in these cases, to use no third person, but to tell her myself, when I found she did any-

thing amiss. I both granted her request and thanked her for it; but desired that she would use *me* as she had desired me to use *her;* which she willingly promised me, which promise she never kept."

The use of a "third person" in their intercourse seems to have been one of their mistakes from the beginning. And can we wonder that when Charles, as he writes to Buckingham, sends "some of my council to her with those orders that were kept in the queen my mother's house, desiring she would command the Count of Tilliers that the same might be kept in hers," the prompt reply comes back from his wife that "she hoped I would give her leave to order her house as she list herself." Surely here is a strong instance in a trifling matter of Charles' most fatal defect, his want of insight into the character of others, for what could be more trying to a young wife than to have "orders" sent her to keep her house by the pattern—however good—of her mother-in-law?

Charles' letter to Buckingham goes on to tell of his surprise at her conduct, and that he "took a time, when I thought we had both best leisure to dispute it, to tell her calmly both her fault in the public denial and her mistaking the business itself. She, instead of acknowledging her fault

and mistaking, gave me so ill an answer that I omit (not to be tedious) the relation of that discourse." It is easy to imagine the nature of the "ill answer" given to her husband's "calm telling" of her fault.

The constant difficulties between the royal pair were generally at first connected with the members of the Queen's private household; and it must have been no easy matter to live peaceably while the King's household was Protestant and the Queen's Roman Catholic: the very chaplains were rivals, in a most unseemly way.

On one occasion, as Charles and his wife were about to dine, and the King's chaplain began to say grace, the Queen's confessor, standing beside him, raised his voice in a loud Latin benediction. The chaplain pushed his brother cleric on one side, and with great energy finished his performance, while the King hastened to draw one of the dishes towards him, and made a sign that dinner was to begin. But the two ecclesiastics evidently nursed their wrath while the meal proceeded, for no sooner was it at an end than such an unseemly duet between the two began that Charles led his wife from the room in displeasure, and left them to finish alone.

It was impossible that two such households should dwell together with any sort of comfort, and especially as every penance exacted from the Queen by her confessors was, as it were, a "red rag" to her Protestant subjects. Her clerical advisers most unwisely sent her to walk barefoot to the spot in Tyburn where the traitors concerned in the Gunpowder Plot had been executed, and this act, of course, raised a storm of indignation throughout London and elsewhere.

Nor was the King's own conduct such as to smooth matters between the two religious parties. On his first speech in Parliament, when, according to his belief in the Divine Right of Kings, which in the end cost him his throne, he wore his crown before his coronation, a contemporary writer tells us that "before he would enter into the business he caused a Bishop to say prayers; before the beginning whereof he made the doors suddenly to be shutt, and so enforced the Popish Lords to be present; some whereof kneeled down, some stood upright, and one did nothing but crosse himself."

Religious matters in the royal household seemed in such a state of unseemly rivalry that, even in the Chapel Royal, a Roman Catholic nobleman

is described as "praying on purpose louder than the chaplain prayed," and receiving, after a time, from the King himself, the angry message, "either let him come and do as we do, or I will make him prate further off."

On February 2nd, 1626, the coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, but the Queen declined to take part in it, and watched the procession from her windows, while her ladies, we are told, "frisked and danced in the room" around her.

The procession gathered in Westminster Hall, and thence proceeded to the church; the Archbishop then presented Charles, bareheaded, to the people. He was crowned, clad in a crimson shirt, and anointed; and then, having received the Communion, he ascended the throne in his purple robes, and received the homage of all his peers.

From the first the difficulties with the Queen's Roman Catholic retinue were many, and time seemed only to increase them; so that Charles, after more than a year's discomfort, resolved to dismiss the whole body.

It was a large household, ranging, besides the clergy, who were the cause of so much dissension, from governesses, maids-of-honour, and gentlemen-ushers to yeomen of the pantry, pages of the robes, and "children" and "scowrers" of the kitchen.

The King softened their dismissal by large gifts of money; the very "children of the kitchen" were to receive £20 apiece, and "Madam Nurse and her husband" £1000 between them, although she was eventually allowed to remain with her mistress, besides one "that hath used to dresse her," and "some douzen others of the inferior sorte, as bakers, cooks," &c.

There was some little difficulty in the final despatch of the French party, who refused to leave without special order from the King; the Bishop especially, as a contemporary expresses it, standing "upon his punctilios." However, the same writer goes on to describe how the matter was settled by the King sending a Captain of the Guard with yeomen, heralds, and trumpeters, first to proclaim his Majesty's pleasure at the gate of Somerset House, and then, if there were any further delay, "to put it in execution, by turning all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them." "Which news," he adds, "so soon as the French heard, their courage came downe, and they yielded to be gone the next tyde.

"The time being come, my Lord Conway, Mr. Treasurer, and Mr. Comptroller went to see them

performe their promise, and brought the Bishop out of the gate to the boot of his coach, where he, making a stand, told them he had one favour more to crave at their hands, namely, that they would permit him to stay till the midnight-tide, to the ende he might go away private and coole, which was not denyed him."

The Bishop naturally feared an expression of public opinion if the party were openly driven forth all together in the daylight; only one French priest was left with the young Queen, and he described as "the silliest of them all," and so hostile was the general feeling that the very housekeeper at St. James', when bidden to prepare for another visitor at once, sends word to the King that "the French had so defiled that House, as a week's worke would not make it cleane."

So on August 7th, 1626, a year and a half after his marriage, Charles wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, "I command you send all the French away to-morrow out of the town." That simple sentence is more to his credit than the rest of the letter, which runs: "If you can, by fair means (but stick not long in disputing), otherwise force them away; driving them away like so many wild beasts, until ye have shipped them; and so the devil go with them!"

This act certainly led to greater harmony between Charles and the Queen, so that he writes to the Duke rather more than a year later: "I cannot omit to tell you that my wife and I were never better together; she . . . showing herself so loving to me by her discretion upon all occasions, that it makes us all wonder and esteem her."

But, in such alien surroundings, the young light-minded and uneducated Queen was developing into an unwise intriguer, the very worst adviser for her husband in his position.

Her temper was such that a contemporary writes: "She seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her (being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company), she drave us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a Queen could cast such a scowl."

The King's affection for his wife was deep and lasting, and he seemed soon to reconcile her to the loss of her French household, but her want of those qualities in which he was himself most lacking, prevented her having any influence over him for good.

Young and uneducated as she was, and bred up

under an absolute monarchy such as Richelieu had made that of France, her one idea was to urge her husband to acts of more and more absolute despotism.

The political history of their reign is one of the most interesting of our country, but it cannot here be fully discussed.

From the year 1628, when Charles bound himself by his signature to keep the Petition of Right, which was a recapitulation of John's Magna Carta, until the morning of January 30th, 1649, when he stepped out of his palace window to meet his death at the hands of his own people, his life is one sad series of broken promises and fatal mistakes.

The only way in which it might have been possible to stave off a revolution would have been for Charles to make himself an absolute monarch, but he had neither the strength nor the ability for such a position. He could never make a decision rapidly, and he hesitated over every course of action in a manner most fatal to a leader; and, worst of all, his belief in his own Divine Right as king prevented him from considering as binding the promises made to his subjects. He was not clear-headed, and in each crisis in the Civil War between himself and his Parliament he failed to

understand his own position, and so continually aggravated the evils which existed.

In 1628 he lost his old friend the Duke of Buckingham, who was stabbed at Portsmouth by Felton, a fanatical soldier, for the sake of a private grudge, and neither Strafford nor Archbishop Laud, who henceforth became the King's chief advisers, were men calculated to widen his sympathies.

For eleven years no Parliament was summoned, and the money which Charles needed was raised by taxes such as the Petition of Right had rendered illegal.

The spirit of Puritanism was growing throughout the land, and the policy of Laud tended but to increase it.

He and Charles were alike high-minded lofty Churchmen, with a true and deep spirit of devotion to their faith, but it was a cruel fate which made them rulers in England at a time when tolerance, insight into human nature, and wide sympathies were the first requisites in those who would govern by peace.

Strafford was sent as Lord Deputy to Ireland, and carried out his high-handed measures in such a way as to bring about external order at least in that unfortunate country, but little permanent good was effected; discontent smouldered below the

surface, ready always to break out into open rebellion. Laud, too, had carried his labours out of England, and had raised a storm of indignation in Scotland by imposing a Liturgy on the Church there, and in 1638 the National Covenant was signed in Scotland by men of all classes.

Two years later Charles was forced to summon a Parliament, but neither from it, nor from the Council he called at York, could he get the supplies he needed, so in November 1640 he summoned his famous Long Parliament.

Tragic events now followed closely on one another; the Commons' belief in Strafford and Laud as the King's most dangerous advisers led to the impeachment of both, the execution of Strafford, and the imprisonment of Laud. Then came the Grand Remonstrance, and Charles' most fatal mistake, that of impeaching the five members for joining with the Covenanters against him. The five members were Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, Hollis, and Strode.

The King went in person to the House to demand the impeachment, and as he "stepped through the door which none of his predecessors had ever passed," so writes Gardiner, "he was, little as he thought it, formally acknowledging that power had passed into new hands. The revolution which his

shrewd father had descried when he bade his attendants to set stools for the deputies of the Commons as for the ambassadors of a king, was now a reality before him. He had come to the Commons because they would no longer come to him." But Charles understood nothing of the significance of the occasion; "in his eyes," says Gardiner, "there was visible no more than a mortal duel between King Charles and King Pym."

The scene which followed was painful and undignified; the five members, urged by their colleagues, had left the House before the King's arrival, and when Charles called on them by name only silence answered him.

"Where are they?" he demanded of the Speaker, Lenthall, after vainly scanning the benches of the House. "May it please your Majesty," was the diplomatic reply, "I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me." And the King saw that his effort had failed. "Well, well," he said, and tried to show no emotion, "'tis no matter; I think my eyes are as good as another's." He saw there was no more to be done then, and

tried to make the most dignified exit possible. "Since I see all my birds are flown," he said, "I do expect from you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. And now, since I see I cannot do what I came for, I think this no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favour and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it. I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my own course to find them." And, unable at the last to keep to the judicial tone he had assumed, he added, "For their treason was foul, and such a one as they would all thank us to discover."

Then he left the House with his nephew and his band of armed men, and low cries of "Privilege, privilege" followed him from the angry members.

This scene was the beginning of the first Civil War.

On the 23rd. of October 1642 was fought the indecisive battle of Edge Hill, whence the King marched on London, and then weakly retreated to Oxford, which became henceforth his headquarters.

He was at the head of a gallant army, and his nephew, Prince Rupert, the son of his sister, Elizabeth, and the ex-Elector Palatine, was a brave and fiery leader, though more of the gallant mediæval type than was quite fitted to cope with such men as Ireton and Cromwell.

The battles followed one another in rapid succession: on June 18th, 1643, the Royalists were victorious at Chalgrove Field, near Oxford, and there Hampden received his death-blow, and three months later the Parliamentary army gained the day at the first battle of Newbury, where the gallant Lord Falkland was killed. Before the end of that year Pym had died, and Charles had made a league with the Irish Roman Catholics, which brought him little but ill-will, while the Parliamentary party had openly made friends with the Scotch Presbyterians.

The battle of Marston Moor, July 2nd, 1644, gave the North, which had hitherto been faithful to the Crown, into the hands of the opposite party, and though Charles held his own at the second battle of Newbury, on October 27th, his power was really waning.

He refused the terms offered at the treaty of Uxbridge, on the 10th of January 1645; he had the grief of seeing the aged Archbishop Laud be-

headed, and on June 16th of the same year his army suffered the great defeat at Naseby. But even at this time Charles failed to see in how weak a position he really was, and considered that he could still play off the Scotch Presbyterians and the Parliamentary party one against the other.

He refused to listen to the heads of the proposals, by which he was offered fair terms, and he opened secret negotiations with the Scotch, and at last decided to give himself up into the hands of the Scotch army, which step again showed how entirely he failed to understand his own position.

Disguised as a servant, and with only two companions, a clergyman, Dr. Hudson, and a groom named Ashburnham, he fled by night from Oxford, over Magdalen Bridge, and made his way through dangers and difficulties to the Scotch camp at Newark; there he gave himself up into the hands of the general, Lord Levin.

From this time the scene and the central figure of the play seems to alter, at least in our opinion.

The story ceases to be that of a weak and untrustworthy king falling ever deeper into the mire which his own actions make ready for him; it becomes instead the record of a narrow-minded but high-souled captive, enduring slights, hardships, and separation from all he loved, with a

dignity and patience which it is hard not to admire.

Even in the camp where he had taken refuge he was soon made to understand in what light he was regarded.

At one of the services held there, it is said, the Presbyterian minister gave out before his face the psalm in the metrical version :—

> "Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself
> Thy wicked deeds to praise?"

And the King, rising with dignity, calmly proposed in its place the penitential psalm beginning :—

> "Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
> For men would me devour."

From henceforth Charles' life was that of a captive.

He was sent by the Scotch to Newcastle, then to Holmby, and thence by Cromwell's orders was removed to Newmarket, and again after various stages to his own palace at Hampton Court. A certain amount of outward pomp was still left to him, and even yet he failed to see the net which his own actions drew ever closer round him.

He carried on ceaseless negotiations to regain his liberty, and in November, beginning to fear for his life, he escaped from London and fled to the Isle of

Wight, which had always been strongly royalist in its sympathies. Here his strict captivity began; instead of being welcomed as a king, he was handed over to the custody of Colonel Hammond, a vigorous Parliamentarian.

Anxious and nervous as he now was, how little even yet did he realise the gravity of the situation is shown in the letter he left at Hampton Court for Colonel Whalley, under whose care he had been:—

"COLONEL WHALLEY,—I have been so civilly used by you and Major Huntingdon, that I cannot but by this parting farewell acknowledge it under my hand, as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy by the protecting of any household stuff and moveables of all sorts which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embezzled. Only there are here three pictures which are not mine, that I desire you to restore; to wit, my wife's picture, in blue, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mrs. Kirk; my oldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcau, to the Countess of Anglesey; and my Lady Stanhope's picture to Lady Raleigh. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot; it is the original of my eldest daughter. It hangs in this chamber, over the

board next the chimney, which you must send to my Lady Aubigny. So being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution, I rest, your friend, CHARLES REX."

Charles' conscientious care in small things is well shown in this letter. Had he been as just in the government of his people as he was in the distribution of his pictures, matters would have been very different both with him and with his people. His life at Carisbrook Castle was monotonous. He was allowed to take exercise in the court and on the walls of the castle, and to read and write, but beyond these relaxations his life was that of a prisoner. In his habits he had always been abstemious, rarely tasting anything before ten o'clock, eating only plain dishes, and drinking hardly any wine. Much of the day he now spent in prayer, for he was a most devoted Churchman, and one who found great comfort in his religious exercises.

His favourite reading was theological: the Holy Scriptures, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," Bishop Andrews' "Sermons," and Dr. Sands' "Paraphrase upon King David's Psalms"; but he also read poetry at times, and even wrote some verses himself. In his books he more than once inscribed his

favourite Latin motto — sadly appropriate to his present position : "Dum spiro, spero."

His chaplain and most of his servants had been dismissed after the discovery of more than one royalist attempt to bring about his escape from Carisbrook, but his faithful attendant, Sir Thomas Herbert, was with him, and gave him the comfort of a sympathetic care and service which only ceased with death.

So the months went on. Within the prison walls were constant intrigues with royalists, with the Scotch, and with private friends ; among the Parliamentary party was ever growing anger at the perfidy of the King, and continually increasing demands for judgment upon him.

He had rejected the offers of Parliament, the civil war had again broken out, and the Treaty of Newport in August 1648 had failed to bring about the hoped-for settlement.

During the Council at Newport the King was brought from Carisbrook and lodged in the chief town of the Isle of Wight, where he held interviews with many of the gentlemen of the island, and "touched" several among the poor who were afflicted with the "King's evil." This was his last act of royal power. The anger of the Parliamentary army had been growing against him

month by month, and each freshly discovered intrigue on his part or on that of his friends fanned it to a yet hotter flame.

On the 6th of December 1648, Colonel Pride, at the head of an armed force, entered the House of Commons, and drove forth from its walls all the Presbyterian members who still desired a peaceable settlement with the King.

The Independent members left—the Rump, as they were styled—knew no will but that of the soldiers, and it was by them that the so-called High Court of Justice was appointed to bring Charles to public trial. The small number remaining of the House of Lords refused their consent to the trial, but of this Cromwell took scant heed.

And so, before his own Ministers in Westminster Hall, the King of England was condemned as Charles Stuart, a murderer, a tyrant, and a traitor, and was sentenced to be beheaded. He refused to answer the charges brought against him; he denied the right of existence of the court before which he stood, in words full of a dignity and courage which his actions had never shown; he appealed against the violation of the English constitution, and declared himself the champion of those rights of the people, which throughout his reign he had ignored.

Mistaken, weak, and perfidious as he had been during his life, in those last days at least he showed himself every inch a king; and in his public trial and his public death he appeared before men's eyes no more as the enemy of their liberties, the master whom they could no longer trust, but as the patient, high-souled royal captive, bereft of his earthly crown, and dying friendless and alone, with the calm dignity and humble patience of a noble Christian gentleman. The sentence was pronounced on January 27th, and carried out three days later.

On Sunday, January 28th, he was permitted to go, under an escort, to hear his chosen spiritual adviser, the good Bishop Juxon, preach at St. James'. The text of the sermon was, "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of all men by Jesus Christ, according to my Gospel."

His only requests had been to be allowed the ministrations of Bishop Juxon, and also a parting interview with his children. The two elder princes were with their mother abroad, but on Monday, January 29th, the Princess Elizabeth, who was thirteen at the time, and the Duke of Gloucester, who was four years younger, paid their last visit to their father.

He kissed and blessed them both with loving

words, bidding them remember that henceforth their eldest brother Charles was their king, and bidding little Henry never to allow himself to be made king in his brother's place.

He seemed pleased with the childish vehemence of the boy's answer: "I will be torn in pieces first!"

To the Queen he sent a message of faithful love and tender farewell, and he bade his children remember that he died for the liberties of England, and for the Protestant faith, and commanded them solemnly to love one another and to forgive his enemies.

He talked for a time with his young daughter, and sent by her blessings to his other children. "But, sweetheart," he added wistfully, "you will forget this." "No," the child replied with passionate tears, "never while I live." And through the few short years of her life she kept her promise.

The King would see none but his children. "I know," he said, "that my nephew, the Elector, will endeavour it, and other lords that love me, which I should take in good part, but my time is short and precious, and I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access to me but my children. The best office they can do now is to pray for me."

On the last night of his life he slept peacefully, while his faithful attendant Herbert tossed uneasily on a pallet bed at his side, and in the morning he said cheerfully, "Herbert, this is my second marriage day; I would be as trim as may be to-day, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." To Charles his own death had the solemnity of a sacrament, and as such he prepared himself for it. He asked for an extra shirt, so that he might not tremble in the chill morning air, and by his enemies be deemed fearful. "I do not dread death," he said; "death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared."

Then, through the cold and frozen Park, between double lines of infantry, with drums beating and flags flying, the King walked calmly to meet his death at his own Palace of Whitehall. On one side of him walked Bishop Juxon, on the other Colonel Tomlinson, both with bared heads.

Once during the journey he asked the soldiers to move faster. "I go," he said, "to strive for a heavenly crown with less solicitude than I have formerly encouraged my soldiers to fight for an earthly one."

Soldiers on all sides kept back the people; and when the King stepped from the window of the banqueting-room in the Palace of Whitehall on to

the scaffold which had been erected in front of it, the mass of soldiers was so thick that none beyond could hear his last words. They were addressed to Colonel Tomlinson: "For," said the King, "I shall be very little heard of anybody here; I shall therefore speak a word unto you here. Indeed," he went on to say, "I could hold my peace very well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some men think that I did submit to the guilt as well as to the punishment. But I think it is my duty to God first," he went on, "and to my country, for to clear myself both as an honest man and a good king, and a good Christian." Speech was never easy to him, but it seemed as if in his heroic meeting with death he conquered this natural failing, as he did all others. He asserted his innocence of all the charges brought against him; he declared that his desire had always been for the liberty of the people, and that what he had resisted had been the arbitrary power of the sword. "Sirs, it was for this that now I am come here. If I would have given way to an arbitrary way for to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you — and I pray God it be not laid to your charge — that I am the Martyr of the People."

He spoke again with the good bishop, prayed earnestly, but only for a short time, then laid himself down, and placed his head upon the low block with the calmness with which he had placed it on the pillow the night before.

Whatever were the failings of Charles Stuart, King of England, he was not wanting in personal valour, or in deep religious devotion.

CHAPTER II

OLIVER CROMWELL

ON the 29th of April 1599, in St. John's Church, Huntingdon, was baptized Oliver, the fifth son of a quiet country gentleman, Mr. Robert Cromwell; and in the bare bracing atmosphere of the eastern counties, with surroundings as ordinary and unromantic as were those of Shakspere's youth at Stratford, the boy Oliver passed his childhood, youth, and early manhood. The head of the family was his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, the Knight of Hinchinbrook, whose father, Sir Henry, had once enjoyed the costly privilege of entertaining Queen Elizabeth during one of her Royal progresses. The younger branch of the family owned a comfortable estate at Huntingdon, and there it was that Robert Cromwell and his wife Elizabeth, the daughter of William Steward of Ely, spent the first years of their married life.

As in the case of Shakspere, little is known of the boyhood of Oliver Cromwell.

His family were ordinary well-to-do gentlefolks,

Stearns.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

From the original in Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

and he probably lived much the same life as did thousands of other lads at the time, particularly as he showed no more than ordinary ability until he had passed his first youth. Various prophecies are extant, and have been often repeated, pointing to a great future and unusual promotion for the boy, and wonderful tales have been told of his hair-breadth escapes from death in early years; but such stories constantly grow up round the memory of great men, and must be taken for no more than they are worth.

Cromwell received his education at the free school of Huntingdon, and there he came under the stern influence and training of Dr. Thomas Beard, a severe and somewhat pedantic Puritan schoolmaster. The spoiling of the child which comes from the sparing of the rod had no part at that time in the training of the young, and Dr. Beard, though a good and firm friend to his industrious scholar, corrected him constantly, we are told, "with a diligent hand and careful eye"; nor was the birch of those days an instrument of discipline to be despised.

At the age of seventeen Oliver left school, and went to Cambridge, where he entered Sidney Sussex College on April 23rd, 1616, as a fellow-commoner. Here again he was under strong

Puritan influences; the master, Dr. Samuel Ward, carried on Dr. Beard's training even to detail, for he compelled his scholars to hear sermons at regular periods, and also to reproduce the same, which, when they failed to do to his satisfaction, he had them publicly whipped in the College Hall.

Under such teachers Cromwell grew up with a strong respect for two things, Puritanism and discipline, and to the furtherance of these his life was given.

At college he was diligent and orderly, but more given to athletic exercises than to any special intellectual studies.

His training at home had been that of a country gentleman, and it had encouraged his natural love of horses, and of manly outdoor sports, such as riding, hawking, and hunting. One royalist biographer says of him that "he was easily satiated with study, taking more delight in horse and field exercise"; and another tells us that he was "more famous for his exercises in the fields than in the schools, being one of the chief matchmakers and players of football, cudgels, or any other boisterous sport or game."

If this were true, Cromwell no doubt enjoyed among his fellow-students at Cambridge a foretaste of the same popularity which, through his

soldiers, enabled him in after years to bend England to his will. In the month of June, 1617, his father died, and he left Cambridge without a degree, and returned to Huntingdon to take up the position of head of the house, in the home which he shared with his mother and six sisters.

Most of his sisters married soon, but his mother lived with him throughout her life, and died in the Palace of Whitehall, with the beautiful motherly blessing on her lips: "The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of the most High God, and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee: good night." Though living in a palace, and bearing the proud title of Lord Protector of England, he was to her dying eyes only the beloved son Oliver, the boy she had taught to pray at her knee, the only one of her sons who had lived beyond his babyhood.

On August 22nd, 1620, in St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, the marriage of Oliver Cromwell was solemnised, with Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, a wealthy city merchant. Judging by her portrait she must have been a suitable wife for him, as far as appearance went; her kindly sensible face, with large clear eyes, and somewhat massive

features, was cast much in the same mould as his own. In her picture she wears her back hair in the ringlets which Queen Henrietta Maria had introduced as the prevailing fashion, but instead of the few soft curls on the forehead, which are so becoming in the Queen's portraits, Elizabeth Cromwell's hair is drawn stiffly back, and makes a severe line around her high forehead.

Cromwell himself is thus described, in later days, by his own steward, John Maidston: "His body was well compact and strong, his stature under six foot (I believe about two inches), his head so shaped as you might see it a storehouse and a shop both of a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fiery, as I have known, but the flame of it kept down for the most part, or soon allayed with those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure; though God had made him a heart, wherein was left little room for fear but what was due to himself, of which there was a large proportion, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers. A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in house of clay than his was." His outward appearance hardly needs description, so well known are his portraits to most English people: he wore his light brown

hair in curling locks on his shoulders, according to the custom of the day; his eyes were of a bluish grey colour, his mouth large and firm, and his nose strikingly long and thick, so that a friend once said jestingly to him, "If you prove false, I will never trust a fellow with a big nose again."

His dress was plain to severity; he is generally described as wearing clothes of black cloth, brown or russet coloured, with a narrow linen band round his neck, instead of the lace collar so often seen in Vandyck's portraits of men of his time.

So, filling up the details as we would from our own imaginations, must we picture Oliver Cromwell, a plain, honest, soberly-clad country gentleman, spending his time in farming his lands round Huntingdon, and afterwards at St. Ives, pondering, as he stumped through the boggy marshy grounds, on the religious questions of the day, and exercising a shrewd just influence on his neighbours and his own household.

Throughout his life, it was with the religious side of every question that his mind was chiefly concerned, and it seems to have been during the quiet years after his marriage that there came to him the experience spoken of as conversion, a sudden awakening to a sense of his own dependence on the Almighty God, and of the

mercy and the judgment alike of God towards His people.

In the year 1638, in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, he describes the religious experience through which he had passed:—

"You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true, I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me . . . yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting-place."

The Calvinistic creed of the day was a stern one, but it was that which appealed to the nature of such a man as Oliver, living at the time he did.

At this period, while his own soul was vexed by religious communings, he was building up the foundation of his future popularity in the Eastern counties by acting as champion to the people round St. Ives against the infringement of their rights in the matter of Common Lands. Little did he or they think how important this influence would prove to him later on.

Carlyle writes of him at this time: "How he lived at St. Ives; how he saluted men on the streets; read Bibles; sold cattle; and walked with heavy

footfall and many thoughts, through the Market Green or old narrow lanes in St. Ives, by the shore of the black Ouse River—shall be left to the reader's imagination. There is in this man talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the River Ouse, thoughts that go beyond Eternity, and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to *think*."

He seems to have been a great reader, while he had leisure, both of religious books and of those on military subjects, and to his enthusiastic study of the campaigns of the soldier hero Gustavus Adolphus may be due in part his own marvellous powers as a military leader without any military training. It is easy to imagine him pondering over the tactics of the gallant Swedish King as he inspected his crops, and supervised his labourers in those prosaic Cambridgeshire fields.

He had been elected member for Huntingdon, and sat during Charles' third Parliament, and also during the Short Parliament, but it was in the Long Parliament that his position became one of importance, owing to the fact that his cousin Hampden was only second in leadership therein to Pym himself.

It was for the most part on religious matters that his early speeches were made.

On the sixth day of the session of the Long Parliament he gave an address to the House on behalf of a youth called Lilburn, once secretary to Prynne; and of Cromwell, as he appeared to his fellow-members at the time, Sir Philip Warwick gives this description: "I came into the House one morning, well clad; and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side: his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject-matter would not bear much of *reason;* it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed Libels. I sincerely profess, it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto."

This is Oliver as he appeared in the eyes of a royalist knight, who evidently found it hard to believe that much merit could go with ill-cut country-made clothes, and a soiled linen collar.

Three days after the fatal move on the King's part of impeaching the five members, it was Cromwell who urged that the country should be put into a position of defence, and so that saddest of all divisions took place in England, that of two parties in a Civil War. "I could never satisfy myself," wrote Cromwell in 1644, "of the justness of this war, but from the authority of the Parliament to maintain itself in its rights." And ten years later he wrote again: "Religion was not the thing at first contested for, but God brought it to that issue at last."

The causes of the war were indeed many, but looking back in the light of succeeding years, one is almost tempted to say that, considering the state of the Church at the time, the two inevitable causes were the characters of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell.

So England ranged itself, either on the King's side, or on that of the Parliament.

There were men of noble birth in the Parliamentary ranks, but the general mass of the gentry sided with the King, as did also the universities and most of the cathedral cities such as York and Chester, while London was the great stronghold of the Parliament, together with the other important manufacturing towns. But in all parts of

the kingdom there were families in every rank of life fighting, some on the one side, some on the other; in Cromwell's own family, his uncle Sir Oliver and his cousin Henry both fought under the royal flag.

It was a terrible war for England, but it was a just one, and it was waged on the whole with mercy and moderation; and with the spirit, at least among many of the more serious leaders, which moved Sir William Waller when he wrote to his old friend, whom he was called upon to face in battle, "The God of peace in His good time send us peace, and in the meantime fit us to receive it."

Cromwell was generous in his private contribution of both men and money, for the army which Essex was to command; he was not a rich man, but he gave £500 to the fund for raising an army, sent £100 worth of arms to his constituents at Cambridge, and furnished a troop of sixty horsemen at his own expense.

Oxford was from first to last the stronghold of the King, but the University plate at Cambridge was seized by Cromwell for the Parliament, and three heads of colleges, whom he thought safer out of their sphere of action, he sent as prisoners to London.

The Parliamentary forces possessed easier and more legitimate methods of raising money than did the King, who was crippled throughout the war by his want of funds; and the fact that the fleet sided with his enemies prevented his easily getting supplies from abroad.

Throughout the whole of the first campaign Cromwell fought under Essex, and during that time his keen insight showed him what was the real need in the Parliamentary army, for he possessed to an unusual degree that quality in which Charles I. was so fatally deficient, that of seeing things as they really were, not as he wished them to be.

He urged the raising of fresh troops, and of their being drawn from men of a different stamp from those now forming the larger part of the army.

He spoke to his cousin Hampden on the matter. "I told him," he says, "I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work." "Your troops," said I, "are most of them old, decayed serving-men, tapsters, and such kind of fellows; do you think that the spirits of such base, mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? You must get men of a

spirit that is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go, or you will be beaten still."

He saw clearly the point in which the Parliamentary army was inferior to that of the King, and he was also ready to undertake the task of bringing about a change which at first appeared to others to be impossible. The formation of the band of Ironsides was the result of Cromwell's insight throughout the early months of the Civil War.

So the Eastern Association was formed, which banded together for mutual defence the five eastern counties where Cromwell's influence was strong, and he was in all details its moving spirit.

That a man of over forty, even allowing for the fact that he had read a certain amount of military history, should train himself to be first an excellent soldier, and then an able and successful general, is proof of the indomitable will possessed by Cromwell.

He saw what was needed, and then set himself to bring it about, without a moment's quailing before the difficulties to be encountered.

And the New Model Army was formed on very different principles from those which had brought together the troops of "old, decayed serving-men and tapsters."

In Cromwell's own troop, which rapidly grew from a small band of horsemen to regiment after regiment, he would have none but God-fearing men, of honest lives, and "greater understanding than common soldiers." "I had rather have," he said, "a plain, russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for and loves what he knows, than that which you call 'a gentleman,' and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed. . . . It may be it provokes some spirits to see such plain men made captains of horse. It had been well that men of honour and birth had entered into these employments—but why do they not appear? But seeing it was necessary the work must go on, better plain men than none."

The discipline exacted in his troop was as rigid as that which he had himself undergone at school and college: no plundering, swearing, or drinking were permitted, bad language meant a heavy fine, and drunkenness an afternoon in the stocks.

Besides this he instilled into his men the love of horses which was his from birth, so that each trooper was compelled to give his beast the care which Cromwell gave his men: these he clothed and armed better than their fellows, and above everything else he set before them a lofty ideal of what a soldier should be, and gave them an

example which never failed of the virtues which he preached.

Firmness of purpose, absolute belief in the righteousness of their cause, self-denial, courage, and endurance, so he preached, and so he practised, from the day when he first held a pistol to the day he laid it down victorious.

And so it was that Clarendon says, "that difference was observed shortly from the beginning of the war: that though the King's troops prevailed in the charge, and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves again in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge again the same day, whereas Cromwell's troops, if they prevailed, or though they were beaten and routed, presently rallied again, and stood in good order till they received new orders."

This discipline became after a time automatic, but many of the troops were filled with Cromwell's own belief that God was specially with them in every battle.

This was his constant assurance and refrain after each fight, and by his enemies is repeated as a proof of his hypocrisy. "God follows us with encouragements," he writes. "They come in season; as if God should say, 'Up and be doing, and I will stand by you and help you.'" Of his

feeling before Naseby he says, "I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance, and God did it." After the taking of Winchester he writes to the Speaker, "You see God is not weary in doing you good. His favour to you is as visible, when He comes by His power upon the hearts of your enemies, making them quit places of strength to you, as when He gives courage to your soldiers to attempt hard things."

In his worst difficulties he described himself as "comfortable in spirit and having much hope in the Lord," and nowhere can be seen a nobler definition of the spirit which should animate an army than in his speech during the Debate on the Proposals.

"We have all of us," he says, "done our parts, not affrighted with difficulties, one as well as another, and I hope all purpose henceforward to do so still. I do not think that any man here wants courage to do that which becomes an honest man and an Englishman to do. But we speak as men that desire to have the fear of God before our eyes, and men that may not resolve to do that which we do in the power of a fleshly strength, but to lay this

as the foundation of all our actions, to do that which is the will of God."

In whatever light we regard Cromwell, whether as religious fanatic, hypocrite, or heaven-gifted military leader, we must see that his system worked well; that it produced out of the chaos of the Parliamentary army such a force as was able to subdue the trained soldiers and well-born military leaders, who ranged themselves by hundreds beneath the banner of the King, and who, in the beginning of the struggle, seemed to have overwhelming advantages on their side. Of Cromwell's personal courage there was no doubt—he led his soldiers into the hottest fight; though wounded several times he was never severely hurt.

On January 2nd, 1644, he was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Army of the Eastern Association, and he entirely dominated the "meek sweet" Earl of Manchester who was in command over him.

The King was now receiving help from the Irish Catholics, and the Parliamentary party had united with the Scotch Covenanters, and had welcomed a Scotch army as allies on their side.

On July 2nd, 1644, was fought the battle of Marston Moor, which scattered Rupert's cavaliers "like a little dust," and entirely broke the King's power in the north.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of Cromwell's letters is that written "before York" on the 5th of July, three days after the battle, to his brother-in-law, Colonel Valentine Walton, whose son had fallen in the fight. The opening of the letter contains information as to the battle, then the writer ceases to be the successful general, and becomes instead the kindly relative full of sympathy on the death of a promising young nephew: he begins by ascribing the victory to God's favour on the "godly party."

"We never charged but we routed the enemy. . . . God made them as stubble to our swords."

And then he goes on to say, "Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

"Sir, you know my own trials this way, but the Lord supported me with this, That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, 'It was so great above his pain.' This he said to us. Indeed it was admir-

able. A little after, he said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, What that was? He told me it was, That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them, Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink-up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays your truly faithful and loving brother, Oliver Cromwell."

This letter must, indeed, have been a comfort to the stricken parents, worded as it was with loving thought for the details each would value most. Can one not fancy the sturdy colonel father, brushing the hot tears from his eyes so as to see

more clearly the proud words, "he was exceedingly beloved in the army," and the soldierly utterance of the dying lad, whom mortal pain did not conquer. "Open . . . that I may see the rogues run," and then the bowed head of the weeping mother, lifted with something akin to gladness, at the thought that at the last her boy's "comfort" had been above his pain. Truly, the general who penned that letter, in the full flush of victory, had a heart instinct with human sympathy, such as is not always joined to "godly piety" such as his!

It was at the battle of Marston Moor that Prince Rupert gave Cromwell his famous name of "Ironsides"; the Parliamentary success had been almost entirely owing to Cromwell and his troops, and more than ever after this battle did the great general see the need of a complete reorganisation of the army.

The Earl of Manchester, in spite of his "meekness and sweetness," accused Cromwell of being a quarrelsome and obstinate subordinate, but Cromwell was too large-minded, and too much in earnest in his desire for military reform, to heed personal attacks, and he did not rest until the New Model Army had been formed according to the principles he advocated.

Instead of various armies, fighting under different

conditions, the Parliamentary forces were formed into one well-paid sternly disciplined army, the command of which was given to Sir Thomas Fairfax, a man at once both wise and warlike. Cromwell had led the debate in the House of Commons on the subject, with the fearless independence characteristic of his whole public life.

"It is now a time to speak," he said, "or forever hold the tongue. The important occasion now, is no less than to save a nation, out of a bleeding, nay almost dying condition." And there can be no doubt that it was he who saved it. He was the idol of his own soldiers, but always sought to put their loyalty to him on higher grounds than that of mere personal devotion. In the same debate he affirmed: "I can speak this for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but upon you, and for you they will fight, and live and die in your cause; and if others be of that mind that they are of, you need not fear them. They do not idolise me, but look upon the cause they fight for. You may lay upon them what commands you please, they will obey your commands in that cause they fight for."

So the New Model was formed, and Cromwell was made lieutenant-general, because, as Fairfax said, of "the general esteem and affection which

he hath both with the officers and soldiers of this whole army, his own personal worth and ability for the employment, his great care, diligence, courage, and faithfulness in the services you have already employed him in, with the constant presence and blessing of God that have accompanied him." On the 14th of June 1645, about six miles from Market Harborough, was fought the battle of Naseby; there the King's army was routed and scattered, and among the plunder taken were private papers from the royal tent, which disclosed lamentable false dealing and secret negotiations with France, Denmark, and the Irish Catholics on the part of Charles and his advisers. Cromwell wrote to Lenthall, the Speaker of the House of Commons, giving details of the battle; of his soldiers he speaks, as always, with the proud affection of a father. "Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them."

It was hardly perhaps Cromwell's fault that the soldiers whom he had trained to know their own value, should gradually become the ruling power in England, and should own no master but himself.

So the first Civil War ran its course. Cromwell

was willing enough to come to terms with the King, but the continued failure of Charles to realise his true position, joined to his inherent love of crooked dealing, made an amicable settlement impossible.

Of Cromwell's private life during these busy years we have little record. He had left Ely, and moved to London, where he lived first in Drury Lane, and then in Westminster. Of his four sons one had died before the war began, but the other three had been given to the cause as willingly as he gave all else. Oliver had died while fighting under his father, Richard and Henry served throughout the war. He had the pleasure of keeping two of his daughters at home for some time, but Bridget, the eldest, had married General Ireton, and Elizabeth, her father's favourite, became the wife of John Claypole, a country squire.

In the spring of 1647, and again one year later, Cromwell was very ill, so ill that in March 1647, he wrote on his recovery to Sir Thomas Fairfax: "I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh." And in the next year he wrote: "I find this only good, to love the Lord and His poor despised people, to do for them, and to be ready to suffer

with them; and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord."

In 1648 the second Civil War broke out, and while Cromwell marched northwards against the Scotch Royalists, and utterly routed them, the treaty of Newport was being drawn up in the Isle of Wight, where Charles was still a prisoner.

Then came the military petitions against the Treaty, and on December 6th, 1648, Colonel Pride marched into the House with a band of musketeers at his heels, and drove forth the Presbyterian members who were still in favour of coming to terms with the King. "Pride's Purge" the act was called, and it sealed the death warrant of Charles. The army and Cromwell agreed that he must die, and no power in England was strong enough to say them nay.

So, grand figure that he is, the stain of a regicide rests always on the memory of Oliver Cromwell.

The King died through Cromwell's instrumentality, and Cromwell spent the rest of his life in a conscientious endeavour to build up again the institutions of the country such as they had been in earlier days.

By the sword he won his power, and by the sword he kept it; but he used it well. He brought

England back from a state of anarchy, and he laboured unceasingly to restore righteousness and justice in the land. His hands were stained with the blood of his King, but they were pure from other stains, those of false dealing, greed and sin, such as have defiled many rulers as great as he. And everywhere he saw the "Hand of God" working through him for England's weal.

One of his first acts after the King's death was to cross over into Ireland, and try to bring some order into that unhappy country. But the Irish were never to his taste, and his wholesale slaughter at Drogheda and Wexford were political mistakes, though at the time they brought about a state of superficial quiet. It was typical of the savage side of religion at that time that he could write of the massacre at Drogheda as "a righteous judgment of God upon those barbarous wretches."

Cromwell had far more in common with the Scotch than with the Irish, and he steadily pursued his advantages north of the Tweed against the young King Charles II., until his final victory against him at Worcester, on September 3rd, 1651.

Charles II. was one of the few Royalists to escape from the castle, and though a price of £1000 was put upon his head, and a severe penalty imposed on any one who should give him shelter,

for the honour of England be it remembered that not one was found base enough to betray the fugitive king. He escaped by night in a boat from Brighton to France, and Cromwell marched into London in triumph, and was greeted on all sides as a victorious monarch.

On the 16th of December 1653 he was made Protector of the Kingdom. He and Parliament were to rule together, the two powers so arranged as to balance one another; but the real power was still with the army, of which Cromwell was the head. Then came the religious settlement, of which it is difficult to write here, so burning are the questions it involved: it was the reaction from Laud's dominion, and perhaps it went further from strict justice in the one direction than his had done in the other. Freedom to worship God as they would was granted to all but Roman Catholics and High Churchmen, and the English Sunday became for the first time a day in which the intervals of public worship were not filled with social intercourse and amusements; and it is difficult for lovers of art and architecture to think calmly of the wholesale destruction wrought by Cromwell and his soldiers throughout the country among the grand old churches and abbeys once raised by holy hands to the glory of God.

It has been said that among military despots it is Cromwell's special glory to have the best claim to be considered an honest man, but it has been also said by the same historian that it was well for England in the long centuries of her history that she numbered but one Oliver Cromwell among her rulers.

The Puritans were zealous in the cause of education, and though the Protector's own interest was chiefly centred in the religious side of it, yet he gave encouragement to various poets and learned men, and held the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford from 1651 to 1657.

His ideas on the treatment of university affairs were more military than academical, if we may judge from his letter to the Committee of Gresham College, where a professorship was vacant.

"GENTLEMEN,—We understanding that you have appointed an election this afternoon of a Geometry Professor in Gresham College, we desire you to suspend the same for some time, till we shall have an opportunity to speak with some of you in order to that business. I rest, your loving friend,

"OLIVER P."

For five years he ruled England as Lord Protector, steadily refusing to bear the title of king.

By his stern but just rule he restored peace to the stricken country, and made England respected again by her foreign neighbours. Men did not love his rule, but they accepted it, because it brought about the order they desired. But his life was a hard one, and the difficulties only increased with time, for there were some questions which could not be settled by military methods, and his success depended too much on his own personal abilities.

On June 26th, 1657, Cromwell was for the second time installed as Lord Protector, this time not only as the nominee of the army. The ceremony was in Westminster Abbey, and partook somewhat of the solemnity of a coronation: the Speaker hung over his shoulders an ermine-lined robe of purple velvet, and placed in his hands a golden sceptre, a sword was girded at his side, and a Bible presented to him. But his reign of toil and triumph was nearing its close.

His health had suffered for some time from the unceasing strain of such a life, and his increasing difficulties with Parliament aggravated the attacks of fever or ague from which he suffered. He was far too clear-sighted not to know how much his rule had depended on his own force of character, and how little of it would remain when he was gone.

His love for his country was his deepest feeling, and he struggled for her sake against his increasing weakness, just as for her sake he had fought all other foes.

On the 6th of August, 1658, he lost his dearly-loved daughter, Mrs. Claypole, and was much broken down with sorrow at the blow.

The attacks of fever recurred. The Quaker Fox, who met him riding at the head of his body-guard in Hampton Court Park, declared: "Before I came to him I felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man."

He wanted to live, and to the last he tried to dispute the verdict of the physicians; but he had met the one enemy against whom he had no power.

It was to the Palace of Whitehall that they brought him, thinking the change might do him good, and it was there that his mighty spirit wrestled for days in prayer with the God whom he had faithfully served throughout the fifty-nine years of his life. "For God's cause," and "God's people," he prayed continually; it was not of himself he thought at the last, not of his wife or children, but of the people for whom his strength had been spent. "Thou hast made me, though very

unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and Thee service. . . . Lord, however Thou dost dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love, and go on to deliver them. . . . Teach those who look too much upon Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. . . . And pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake, and give us a good night if it be Thy pleasure."

Within the palace the stricken household waited for the end, while without a terrible storm raged; the lightning playing on the darkened windows, and the thunder at times drowned by its crashes the feeble voice of the dying man.

So fierce a storm had hardly been known in England; trees fell, and houses had their very roofs torn from them. And while the Puritans prayed in awestruck sorrow for the great spirit in its passing hour, the mocking Royalists declared that the "devil had come to fetch his own."

But neither prayers nor gibes were heeded by the dying patriot in his lonely death-struggle—lonely, though in the midst of his family, for none could share feelings such as his.

The storm passed, and he lay quiet, breathing faint words of prayer to the last. "I would be

willing," he said, "to live to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done." And so he died, in the afternoon of September 3rd, the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester.

Clarendon has called him a "brave bad man." Carlyle says of him he was "not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths"; and of his own life he said, with the same simplicity with which he prayed at the end for a "good night," "I have been called to several employments in this nation, and I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man to God and His people's interest."

CHAPTER III

THE CAVALIERS: PRINCE RUPERT, MONTROSE, AND GORING

AROUND the name of Cavalier lingers much of the spirit of Romance—that spirit which in earlier days breathed in the actions of Percival and Galahad and their brethren of the Table Round; the spirit of chivalry, reverence, and loyalty, which was characteristic of the gallant Englishmen who fought the dying cause of absolute monarchy under Charles I.

With such a king the failure of their immediate object was inevitable, but not the death of the ideals for which they fought.

Each side felt Heaven above it, but the Cavaliers had the easier part, for they went out in simple loyalty to give themselves and all they had for "King and Faith" with the unreasoning fidelity of the sailor Grenville; while the Puritans stood grim and stern, in the strength of newly awakened views, to wrest, if possible, the much-abused power from the hands of their lawful king.

Of the Cavaliers Macaulay writes that they

fought "not for a treacherous King or an intolerant Church, but for the old banner that had waved over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. With many of the vices of the Round Table they had also many of its virtues—courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness and respect for women. They had also far more of profound and polite learning than the Puritans; their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful."

By the gallantry with which they followed the hapless Stuart race, through good report and evil, through danger, false dealing, and failure, they have kept alive in English history the noblest side of "our loyal passion for our temperate kings"; and that their rule *is* temperate was decided in those years of bitter struggle, when men of one race and often of one family, divided by the line between Cavalier and Puritan, fought out the inevitable conflict on the blood-stained fields of Naseby and Marston Moor. "Heroic and earnest men strove faithfully on either side, with tongue and sword, and prayer and blood, for what they deemed to be the truth. Each found, as truthful and earnest men will ever find, however ranged on

different sides, that their ultimate object had been the same. Each found, not the conquest that his human nature strove for, but the victory that his higher nature yearned for: yet he found it in defeat. The Cavalier saw much that he had been taught to reverence struck down, buried, and put away for ever in the grave of the Stuarts. The Roundhead beheld his glorious visions of liberty eventuating in fierce anarchy and final despotism, from which he was content to seek refuge even in the Restoration."

And the saddest side of Cavalier life is that under Charles II. The Royalist knight under Charles I. is a grand figure, with flowing curls and brave apparel, plumed hat and velvet cloak, charging at the head of his men to victory or to death, with a blind courage which welcomed equally the one or the other; and it is sad to see him degenerate into a mere idle gallant, in that most luxurious and vicious court, where reigned the gay, gifted, but unprincipled son of the slain King. Truly no contrast was ever greater in history than that between the character and the life of Charles I. and Charles II.!

As the Cavalier in Doyle's poem sings with wistful truth :—

"For our martyred Charles I lost my lands,
For his son I spent my all;
That a churl might dine, and drink my wine,
And preach in my father's hall.
That father died on Marston Moor,
My son on Worcester plain;
But the King he turned his back on me,
When he came to his own again."

However, it is with the Cavaliers under Charles I. that we have to do here.

Although there was no absolute division in the formation of the two armies, the mass of country gentlemen sided at first with the King, whose forces were thus more skilled than those of his opponents in the management of horses and in the use of weapons.

There was little difference at first in appearance between the gentlemen who fought on either side, but gradually sad-coloured garments and shorn heads came to be known as marks of a Puritan, while the Cavaliers loved to display their floating lovelocks and the brave costumes, which Vandyck has rendered immortal.

Life among the better classes had grown more luxurious throughout the easy rule of the pedantic James I., who loved comfort as much as he hated strife, and the standard of feasts of the day marks certainly a high point in creature comfort.

At banquets given by the Duke of Buckingham music sounded throughout the courses, and the guests were served by attendants in gorgeous fancy dresses.

Curious practical jokes were in favour at great feasts—for love of mirth in all forms was characteristic of the Cavaliers as opposed to the Puritans—as when on one occasion a pie in which a live dwarf had been hidden was served up to the royal table; or when prizes were offered at the christening feast of James's eldest son for the cleverest dish to be brought by a guest, and the chief prize was won by Sir George Goring, who had devised the somewhat substantial dainty of "four brawny piggs, pipeing hott, bitted and harnised with ropes of sarsiges, all tyde to a monstrous bag pudding." The custom still prevailed of two meals a day, and this perhaps was as well when we consider the amount consumed usually at each of them. As many as forty dishes were sometimes given to each knight at a feast; and Louis XIV., who was a great leader of fashion both in France and England, was said by the Duchess of Orleans to consume often as his share at dinner, "four platefuls of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good-sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and afterwards fruits and sweet-

meats." The fruits were then served piled in pyramids, which were sometimes so high that the doorways had to be raised to allow of them being brought into the room, and many were the drinks of which the guests partook along with this pyramidal dessert—ale, French wines, white wines, and mixed punch, and a rich compound of strong drinks and spices, spoken of as sack posset. Tea and coffee were not household drinks of the time, but in 1652 the first coffee-house had been opened in London, and others soon sprang into existence—mere shops or small houses where men might buy and drink a cup of coffee. In 1661 Mr. Pepys, in his famous Diary, writes: "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I never had drank before"; but it seemed to be used partly in a medicinal way, if one may judge from an entry some years later: "Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling, the potticary, tells her is good for her colds and defluxions." Tea was for some years after its introduction into London both scarce and costly. In 1664, when the East India Company wished to present some to the King, they could only procure 2 lb. 2 oz., for which they paid at the rate of forty shillings per lb. Chocolate was known rather earlier than tea, as a choice and

pleasant drink. In Strafford's correspondence we hear of Sir Toby Matthew, son of the Archbishop of York, praising this new beverage so highly to Lady Carlisle that she "desired that she might see some with an intent to taste it. He brought it, and in her chamber made ready a cup full, poured out one half and drank it, and liked that so well that he drank up the rest—my Lady expecting when she should have had a part, had no share but the laughter."

The bold and often swaggering manners of the Cavaliers were the manners of the time, and had been largely encouraged by the ever-growing practice of annual residence in London. There in the "ordinaries," which took the place of modern clubs for the gallants of the day, they brought smoking to a fine art, took highly perfumed snuff from jewelled boxes, and swore with a vehemence and a variety of expressions which fortunately have not survived to our day.

The constant quarrelling and duelling which meetings in these ordinaries of hot-headed and hard-drinking youths involved, did something towards keeping them well practised in sword exercise. Here is an incident, related by Garrard, which shows the manners of the times: "Lord Lumley had a strange mischance befal him, the Lord Savage being with him in a coach. In a strait

(narrow) lane his coachman unadvisedly pressed upon some gentlemen afoot, so that he gave them much offence; young Mohun struck at the coachman with his cane, the coachman lashed at him with his whip. He instantly drew his sword, ran the coachman often through, hurt the Lord Lumley through the arm; which made a great combustion in the place."

It was natural that men whose blows were so ready should fight well, especially against an enemy whom they regarded as their social inferior.

On the other hand, private life in a Cavalier household, before the Civil War began, seemed to have been pleasant, orderly, and cheerful. Lady Newcastle, sister of the gallant Cavalier, Sir Charles Lucas, describes the early years of herself and her sisters, bred up in a loyal country-house, "in plenty —or rather with superfluity. Likewise," she says, "we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles. As for plenty, we had not only for necessity, conveniency, and decency, but for delight and pleasure to superfluity. . . . As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it. For we were so far from being in debt before these

wars, as we were rather beforehand with the world: buying all with ready money, not on the score." And as to the training of her three brothers, she says, they were bred so "that they loved virtue, endeavoured merit, practised justice, and spoke truth; they were constantly loyal and truly valiant. . . . Their practice was when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such like exercises; for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits. . . . As for the pastimes of my sisters when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse with each other." And of the family life in town she writes: "Their custom was in winter-time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people. And in the spring-time to visit the spring garden, Hyde Park, and the like places. And sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water."

Those who would go more minutely into the regulations for family life at the time of Charles I., can study the rules drawn up, or rather revised, from his father's—by Sir John Harrington, the son of Elizabeth's godson, and last favourite.

"That no servant bee absent from praier, at morning or evening, without a lawfull excuse, to be alledged within one day after, upon paine to forfeit for every tyme, 2d.

"2. Item, That none swear any othe, uppon paine for every othe, 1d.

"3. Item, That no man leave any doore open that he findeth shut, without there be cause, upon paine for every tyme, 1d."

It is interesting to note that an oath among household servants was valued at the same rate as omitting to shut a door.

Item 10 shows the value set upon glass for the table:—

"If any man breake a glasse, hee shall annswer the price thereof out of his wages; and, if it bee not known who breake it, the buttler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d."

Item 17 imposes a fine of 1d. on any serving man who wears, "a foule shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shoes, or dublett without buttons." The keeping clean of houses was not so severe a task then as it is to the servants of our own day; the standard of cleanliness was lower, and also the rooms were, as a rule, more scantily furnished, and less elaborately ornamented.

Only in bedrooms were the curtains, hangings,

pillows, and cushions both at the head and foot of the bed, and embroidered couches and footstools far more heavy and stifling than we should think wholesome.

Tapestry had reached a high pitch of beauty before the war, but the rule of Cromwell checked its growth, as it did that of all other purely artistic work.

During Charles I.'s reign the Thames ceased to be the great high-road of London, and hackney carriages began to stand in the streets for hire.

"So that," writes Garrard, "sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere as watermen are to be had by the waterside."

In the matter of dress few will deny that for simple beauty and refinement of taste, no fashions have equalled those followed by Charles I. and his wife. Vandyck's portraits have given them to us for all time, and to almost any face and any figure, grace and comeliness is imparted by the close-fitting suit of dark velvet, tight at the knee, and showing silk stockings and buckled shoes, the falling lace collar, short cloak, and broad felt hat with drooping feather, even if we could see it without the floating curls which were an essential part of a Cavalier.

In the matter of hairdressing Henrietta Maria did a service to English ladies, for she replaced the fashion of Elizabeth's later days, that of dyed and frizzled wigs of huge size, by a natural and most becoming coiffure, consisting of loose ringlets, and a twisted knot of hair at the back, and on the forehead a few soft tiny curls, with a cluster of thicker curls on each side of the face.

Such were a few of the details of English life, at the time when Englishmen were called upon to undertake the most painful of all duties, that of ranging themselves in battle array either on one side or the other, in a Civil War; the Cavaliers gathered round Charles' banner, and, as says Sir Richard Varney, "Wee stood upon our liberties for the *King's* sake, least he might be the King of meane subjects, or we the subjects of a meane King."

And from among them man after man rises before our view, each well fitted to form a hero of romance, so that it is difficult to know whose fortunes to follow, or on whom to fix our eyes as representative Cavaliers.

Perhaps we cannot do better here, where we are looking at the military side of the King's followers, than to picture for a few moments the three Cavalier generals who perhaps differed most from one another in their characters and in their motives

in fighting for the King—Prince Rupert of the Palatinate, George, Lord Goring, Earl of Norwich, and James Graham, 4th Earl, and 1st Marquis of Montrose.

Rupert was a survival of the knight-errant of earlier days: he was joined by relationship and affection to the King, but had little personally to lose or gain by the issues of the war. Bold and reckless, gallant and gay, he seemed to dash through the war at the head of his victorious band of horsemen with the rapidity and brilliance of a meteor, and when his own tactics were used against him, and his headlong charges were no longer victorious, he seemed to vanish from the historical scene as suddenly and as completely as the meteor when its course is run.

Goring, from the opening of the war, was self-seeking in his service. His military abilities were perhaps higher than those of any other man in the royal camp, but he employed them largely for his own personal advancement. Like Rupert, he could ill brook control, but unlike the Prince he lacked generosity, and personal attachment either to the Royal cause or to its leader.

Montrose was the noblest character of the three; brave and self-forgetting from first to last, he only joined the King when he could do so with true—

if mistaken—admiration of his government. He gave to the Royal cause ungrudging service and high-souled enthusiasm, which might have had more permanent results had his army been anything more than a collection of feud-bearing, undisciplined clansmen.

In age there were not twelve years between the three generals; Goring was born in 1608, Montrose in 1612, and Rupert in 1619. The christening feast of Prince Rupert took place in Prague amid enthusiastic rejoicings, for he was the first son born to his parents, Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, and his wife Elizabeth, the beautiful and high-spirited sister of Charles I., after their acceptance of the crown of Bohemia. Frederick was a devoted follower of the hero King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, whose military methods were studied in England alike by Cavaliers and Puritans; but the new King of Bohemia had little of the vigour of his great model which was needed to sustain him in the position of a Protestant champion of Europe. His reign in Bohemia was short. On the 19th of November, 1620, was fought the battle of Prague, or the battle of the White Mountain, in which the Austrian Emperor Maximilian was victorious; and the unfortunate Palatine family had to flee in the night for their lives. So great was the haste that the baby Prince Rupert was nearly left

Walkér & Cockerell.

PRINCE RUPERT.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

behind, and was only flung hastily into the last departing carriage by his father's chamberlain, who found him sleeping on the ground. The gallant little Protestant kingdom of Holland gave the unfortunate family shelter, and maintained them generously; and there Rupert grew up as the chosen companion of his mother, learning from her such manly pursuits as hawking and hunting, and drinking in, no doubt, from her stirring tales of the past, the spirit of warlike chivalry which was his chief characteristic.

After the death of his father Rupert went to England, and there he was kindly treated by his uncle, the King, though the bond of affection which existed between them could not have been based on any similarity of disposition.

The way in which these three Cavaliers took their places in the Royal army was characteristic of their different natures.

Rupert threw himself, from the beginning, heart and soul into the King's cause. Goring only attached himself to the Royal party when he had failed to secure as prominent a position as he desired in that of the Parliament; while Montrose drew his sword at first for the sake of the Covenant, and only became Charles' ardent champion in Scotland when he believed him to have become a constitutional ruler.

Goring in his early days was a wild and spendthrift young gallant, requiring constant pecuniary help from his father, and even receiving such help also from his father-in-law, the Earl of Cork, though Irish noblemen are not usually looked upon as sources of wealth to their connexions.

Goring was not of a robust constitution, and he received a shot in the leg, near the ankle-bone, at the siege of Breda, in 1637, which was a constant source of trouble to him.

He held the Governorship of Portsmouth for many years, and seemed to waver between the two parties; but in August, 1642, he declared openly for the King, and a month later was obliged to surrender his poorly-fed and scantily-clad garrison to the Parliamentary forces.

He wished, from the first, to hold a prominent post in whichever army he served. Clarendon writes of him that "his ambition was unlimited," and that he "wanted nothing but industry (for he had wit and courage and understanding and ambition, uncontrolled by any fear of God or man) to have been as eminent and successful in the highest attempt in wickedness of any man in the age he lived in, and of all his qualifications dissimulation was his masterpiece."

He had, perhaps, the highest ability as a general

of any man in the service of the King; but he was strikingly devoid of the loftier qualities of a soldier, which Rupert possessed to a certain extent, and of which Montrose was a noble example.

After the surrender of Portsmouth, Goring went over to the Netherlands, and returned with recruits, gathered partly by the exertions of the Queen. He landed in the North, and routed Sir Thomas Fairfax near Leeds, only to be taken prisoner shortly afterwards by the same General at Wakefield, where he rose from his bed of fever to face the enemy.

The next nine months he spent in the Tower, but was exchanged with the Earl of Lowthian in time to fight beside Rupert at the battle of Preston; and on July 2nd, 1644, he commanded the left wing of the Royal horse at Marston Moor.

Rupert seemed to bear a charmed life: no bullet had power to hurt him, no foe could take him prisoner. He was generally with the King, and shared with him the gloomy pageant of raising the Royal standard at Nottingham, when the rain and wind first drenched England's flag, and then blew it down, and the want of enthusiasm in the general assembly seemed prophetic of the evil days to come. The Prince was made commander of the horse, and to such a nature as his, restless, bold,

and enterprising, the task of mounting his troop must have been thoroughly congenial. His was the typical Cavalier figure, in scarlet coat, floating sash, plumed hat, and heavy riding-boots, he was soon familiar to all the country-side. From hall to hamlet he rode in search of chargers for his men, always gay, good-humoured, and gallant, no doubt wheedling many a stout horse from a reluctant countryman or his wife; wherever he found a Puritan horse, putting, as it was said, a Cavalier upon it, and doing all with his infectiously gay cry, "For a King, for a King!"

As a soldier his ability was great, and his valour greater; the charge of himself and his horsemen came to be more dreaded than anything else in the Royal army. He knew no fear, and no hesitation, and he had the power of instilling his own gallant spirit into his men. But his weak point as a general was the way in which he allowed his men to pursue their foes far from the field of battle, and so often left unsupported the main body of the Royal army.

Rupert was always in favour of a battle, and was present at most of the Royalist engagements; after Marston Moor he was made Commander-in-chief, taking orders from none save the King, and this increased the jealousy of Goring, who had been

made Lieutenant-General of the King's horse a month after the same battle.

Goring was a more self-indulgent leader than Rupert, though in both the habits of drinking and swearing were those common to the age. Goring was said to permit more license in plunder and devastation among his men than any other Cavalier leader. After Marston Moor he went down into the West, until ordered back to Oxford to cover Rupert's junction with the King. His superior strategic ability made him an unwelcome colleague to the Prince, and he was soon sent back to the West, where he was defeated by Fairfax at Langport, and retiring into North Devon, spent his time in alternate disputes with his officers, and with the Council of the Prince of Wales, besides keeping an over "jolly" camp of his own.

Instead of obeying the King's orders to join him at Oxford, he crossed over to France under pretext of recruiting for the Royal army, and there he disappears from among the Cavaliers.

He never came back, but commanded English regiments in the Netherlands, and finally went to Spain, and died in Madrid in great poverty in 1657.

He was as able an officer as ever served King Charles, but his keen eye for the chances of a

battle was not joined to the patience and deliberation needed in a long campaign.

Rupert's exploits are the history of the Civil War itself. He was the centre of the brilliant charge at Chalgrove, ten miles from Oxford, where Hampden got his death-blow in 1643; he took Bristol, only to have to surrender it on a later day; he was with the King at Newbury on the 20th of September, 1643, where, after a brilliant charge, his cavalry were worsted by the stolid courage of the London train-bands; at Marston Moor not all his gallantry could save the North from falling into the power of the Parliament, or his troopers, who had now met their match, from being scattered by Cromwell and his Ironsides "like a little dust." At Naseby, on the 14th of June, 1644, he fought again beside his uncle, but by his precipitancy interfered with the King's plan of action. Though he conquered Ireton's men in the early part of the fight, the battle went against the Royalists, for the Parliamentary army had become by this time such a trained and powerful force that it was difficult to beat.

In September, 1646, Rupert was forced to surrender Bristol into the hands of Fairfax; and thereupon the King took from him his command, and his generalship as a Cavalier ceased.

The end seems a little hard; he had done his

best, as he wrote to a friend just before the siege began :—

"You do well to wonder why Prince Rupert is not with the King, but when you know the Lord Digby's intentions to ruin him, you will then not find it strange. But all this shall not hinder me from doing my duty where I am, and that which shall become your friend. RUPERT.

"BRISTOL, *July* 29, 1645."

He published a Declaration, justifying his surrender as inevitable, saying that he had "esteemed it his happiness to have served the King in difficult times," and that as he had "faithfully served the King, he had not served him unadvisedly, but like a soldier as well as a man of honour."

On the 5th July, 1646, Prince Rupert left Dover for Calais, and returned no more to England until his cousin Charles II. sat upon the throne.

He commanded the English ships in many a sea-fight against the Dutch in his later days, and it seems a strange end for such an eventful life as his, that he died amid peaceful surroundings, and occupied in scientific experiments, as the Governor of Windsor Castle.

Montrose's campaign against the Parliamentary party was not a long one.

After the interview with the King, to which he went an Earl and from which he returned a Marquis, his devotion to the Royal cause never wavered.

He was a man of noble birth and nobler nature, lofty, high-souled, and self-denying; a poet, and a lover of all that was best in the Cavalier training. He had become Earl of Montrose on the death of his father, when he was but fourteen, and in the course of the next year he had gone as a student to the University of St. Andrews; there he had become proficient not only in his studies, but in hunting, hawking, archery, and golf.

He had married, when only seventeen, Magdalene, the daughter of Lord Carnegie, and the youthful pair had lived with the bride's father for the first three years of their wedded life.

In February, 1644, shortly after his interview with Charles, Montrose was appointed Lieutenant-General to the King in Scotland, and within little more than a year he was victorious in six battles. The main body of his army was composed of veteran soldiers from Antrim. About 1500 had been sent over by the Marquis of Antrim, who was a Macdonald, the sworn foe of the Campbell clan, by whom the Macdonalds had been driven from their native land.

Montrose was a general of no mean order; it was he who first taught the wild clansmen their own strength in battle, and with only about 3000 foot soldiers, and no cavalry at all, he defeated an army of militia in the service of the Covenanters, and then marched on Perth, which surrendered to him at once.

He next took Aberdeen, where he was unable to restrain his soldiers from a cruel slaughter of the helpless townspeople, and this was always remembered against him by his enemies. The head of the Campbell clan was the Duke of Argyle, a mean coward, quite unworthy of his brave followers, or of his noble birth. On the 2nd of February, 1645, Montrose gained another victory over the Campbells, at Inverlochy, beneath Ben Nevis, and while the clansmen fought gallantly on either side, Argyle himself sat in a boat and "watched what the end would be," as did one with a yet higher title than his, watch the issue of another fight from the hills above the river Boyne!

But though Montrose could "conquer in the battle," yet by the nature of his army, he could not "win in the war."

His intention was to march south, and to go to the assistance of the King, but his followers had no such ideas of continuity in their warfare.

The Macdonalds' wish was to fight their foes the Campbells, who were in the north, and the chief desire of the other clans was to plunder freely and use such license as was permitted in the Highlands, but was punished further south. Therefore, after the victory at Kilsyth, on the 15th of August, 1645, Montrose found his army beginning to desert him; many of the Highlanders went back to their native glens, and of the gallant Irish Macdonalds only 500 remained.

He summoned a Parliament at Glasgow, but before it could assemble, he was overwhelmed by a large force recruited from the Scotch army in England, under David Leslie, which met him at Philiphaugh, beside Ettrick water.

The odds were too heavy against him; the Scotch scattered in all directions, the brave Irish fought till only fifty of them remained alive, all the women and children who had followed the army were slain in cold blood, and Montrose, defeated and almost alone, fled to the Highlands, and soon after took ship across to Norway.

The last act in the tragic drama of his life took place five years later, when he returned to make one more effort for the Royalist cause in Scotland.

The year before, he had fainted at the news of the King's death, little thinking how soon he was to follow him.

He landed in Orkney with a little band of followers, hoping that the clansmen would rally round him; but he had no success, and after wandering destitute among the hills, he was sold to his enemies by M'Leod of Assynt, a connection of the Campbells.

He was attainted as a traitor, and was condemned to be hanged at the market-cross in Edinburgh, with his book and his declaration round his neck. One of the bards of his own land has well told the tale of that gallant death, and no words could better give Montrose's high-souled view of the ghastly punishment he was to suffer than those put into his mouth by Aytoun.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's Cross,
That waves above us there——
. . . . . .
I have not sought in battlefield
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.

Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!"

Lofty words, which might form the farewell to earth of many a gallant Cavalier spirit!

He was subjected to every possible hardship and indignity by his captors, and was borne through Edinburgh in a cart, with his hands tied behind him, in the vain hope that the common folk would stone him.

He was refused the ministrations of his own clergy at the end, and declined those of the "grim Geneva doctors," knowing too well what would be the style of their commendatory 'prayer: "Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud, incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous and profane person, who refuses to hearken to the voice of Thy Kirk." "It was a day of wrath," says Mr. Morley, "and the gospel of charity was for the moment sealed." So,

"Alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree."

Then, in his brave array of scarlet cassock, silk stockings, and ribboned shoes—a Cavalier to the

end, even in outward show—with light step and serene face,

> "He climbed the lofty ladder
> As it were the path to heaven,"

and to the sound of a long and angry thunder-blast there went back to God the soul of one of the noblest of the Cavaliers who ever served King Charles.

CHAPTER IV

THE PURITANS: HAMPDEN AND HUTCHINSON

THE word Cavalier carries its own meaning, but that of Puritan has been made to cover a wide significance.

There is the moderate Puritan, in the religious sense of the word, he who sought with honest if harsh energy to bring back to primitive faith and purity the Christian Church in England; there is the stricter Puritan who would go still further in what he considered religious reform, and would sweep away all outward forms and historic ceremonies, and let each man be guided by his individual conscience alone: and besides these two classes, the name Puritan has also been applied to the vast mass of men who fought under the banners of Essex and of Cromwell, against the Royal party and King Charles.

The translation of the Bible into English by Tyndale, and its consequent study throughout the kingdom, was the chief cause of the new religious spirit which gradually demanded a remedy for the

abuses which had grown up in the Church; the ideal of Puritanism was a grand one, but one not easy to realise, especially in England. Social equality was preached, and to a certain extent practised, by the leaders; and it was during the time when Cromwell's "plain russet-coated gentlemen" saved the side for which they fought that many of the old class prejudices began to be swept away. "The meanest peasant" among the Puritans, says J. R. Green, "felt himself ennobled as a child of God. The proudest noble recognised a spiritual equality in the poorest saint." Men learned to think and to act more on their own responsibility, and though in their actions much that was good was broken and destroyed, so also vanished much that was evil and corrupt.

It is not in the extreme figures of a movement that its course should be traced, or by their actions that it should be judged; but in the moderate men who grasp the new principle, and try to rule their lives and those of others by it with wisdom and with moderation.

Essex and Fairfax, the two early leaders of the Parliamentary army, were neither men of extreme Puritan views. Essex was appointed general chiefly on account of his rank, but he was too

slow and irresolute to cope with the difficulties of the position; Fairfax wanted firmness as a statesman to improve his military successes, and his tastes were intellectual rather than religious. A tall dark man he was, of great courage, but of "meek and humble carriage," and all students have reason to bless his care for learning, in that after the taking of Oxford his first act was to put a strong guard of soldiers round the Bodleian Library.

Cromwell himself was the great Puritan, in whom the strength of the movement is best seen, and another prominent figure is that of Henry Ireton, his son-in-law. It was said that "no man could prevail so much, nor order Cromwell so far as Ireton could." They worked and fought side by side for years, Ireton having just the qualities most esteemed by his leader—those of godliness, self-sacrifice, and energy.

Clarendon describes him as a man "of a melancholic, reserved, dark nature, who communicated his thoughts to very few"; and another contemporary says: "We that knew him can and must say truly, we know no man like-minded, . . . few so singly mind the things of Jesus Christ, of public concernment, of the interest of the precious sons of Sion."

The scriptural phraseology of the Puritans was a source of comment and often merriment to their opponents, although in many cases the expressions were used in all earnestness, and came from exclusive study of the Bible.

Phrases were common such as the "godly," the "Lord's People," the "ransomed," as applied to their own side; and the "profane," in speaking of the Royalists, or "corrupt unjust persons," "scandalous to the profession of the Gospel," as Cromwell addressed the opposing members of Parliament before dissolving them by force.

As the war ran its course outward differences, such as those of speech and dress, came to be more accentuated between the two parties. The Puritans usually wore tall steeple-crowned hats, short tight knee-breeches, and plain linen collars, and they gradually left off the flowing locks customary at the time, and brought their appearance to suit the name of Roundhead by cutting their hair close.

Amusements, as an end in themselves, were discouraged and often forbidden under Puritan rule; and so the dourer side of the English nature was brought into a prominence that from some circles at least has never quite departed. The stage, dancing, music, and art, were alike by the more

304843B

severe Puritans considered at the best unprofitable, and at the worst sinful, though Cromwell himself was fond both of music and of pictures. What the Puritans as a whole gained for themselves was a higher, more consistent ideal of individual life and conduct; what they lost was the daily and hourly spirit of enjoyment in the whole of the natural and artistic world, the joy of life in the works of Him "Who hath made all things well."

In the ranks of the Parliamentary army was not found the passionate, personal loyalty that inspired such men as Strafford and Montrose, and which has proved so ennobling a characteristic to men of all ages, but rather a subdued, sober belief in their own powers, and in their election by God to do His chosen task.

"Our soldiers," writes Baillie of the Covenanting army, "were all lusty and full of courage, the most of them stout young ploughmen . . . great cheerfulness in the face of all. The sight of the nobles and their pastors daily raised their hearts; the good sermons and prayers daily under the roof of heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells (true there was cursing and brawling in some quarters, whereat we were grieved); the remonstrance very frequent of the goodness of their

cause, of their conduct hitherto by a hand clearly divine."

So, led by noble and brave men on either side, men of whom John Hampden, Colonel Hutchinson, Montrose, and Falkland are all different types, the two parties ranged themselves for the battle that had become inevitable!

Among the great men who fought for the constitutional rights of England in the ranks of the Parliamentary army, no figure stands out more clearly than that of John Hampden, although he got his death-blow on the battlefield of Chalgrove, in 1643, when the Civil War was only beginning to wax hot. Hampden was a cousin of Cromwell's, and came of a fine old family in Buckinghamshire, whose name dates back to Saxon times, and whose home, among the Chiltern Hills, still bears the name of Hampden, near to the white cross cut on the hillside, above the village of Monks Risborough.

Hampden's father died while he was a child; and his education was carried on in the neighbourhood, as was then the usual custom, even with sons of rich and well-born parents. He went first to the local grammar school at Thame, and later became a commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford. When Charles I.'s sister Elizabeth married the

Elector Palatine, Hampden and Laud were among the Oxford men chosen to write a congratulatory address to her; one of the few occasions probably upon which their views would have been identical.

Like many of those who fought in the Parliamentary army, Hampden was by nature a man of peaceful and studious habits; wise, thoughtful, observant of men and things, of courteous manners and persuasive speech, of honest and upright reputation, and of "good sense and naturally good taste."

His portraits all show power and vigour in the high massive brow, the firm chin, and the clear far-seeing eyes that seem to look beyond the field of Chalgrove, even to the scaffold before Whitehall. From the beginning of Charles' reign Hampden was associated with the opposition; but it was in 1635 that he first stood forth in a prominent position as the opposer of the tax called ship-money, which the King wished to levy without legal right.

Hampden sat as member for Buckinghamshire, and both in the Short and the Long Parliaments he acted as second to Pym; and with him, in the Long Parliament, he supported Sir Edward Dering's Bill for the abolition of bishops in 1641.

With Pym, too, he shared the midnight triumph over the Royalist party, when by a majority of

Walker & Cockerell.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

From a bust in the National Portrait Gallery.

eleven they carried the document of the Grand Remonstrance, after a long and angry debate, which demanded that "his Majesty shall employ in places of trust such as Parliament may have cause to confide in," and furthermore, that "a general synod of the most grave, most learned, and judicious divines be assembled to settle the future state of religion."

On January 3rd, in the following year, Hampden was among the five members impeached by the King, in one of his most fatal acts of folly. There are few more pitiable pictures in history than that of the dignified figure of Charles, his handsome Stuart face full of irresolution and dismay, as he stands in the House he has unlawfully entered, and scans the long rows of benches for the "birds" who are "flown."

They went before his coming, in discontent and secrecy, but they returned some days later by the open highway of the river, with something akin to triumph, their cause strengthened by the vacillating conduct of the King himself.

Some years before this Hampden had resisted the King's demand for a loan, and had preferred imprisonment to complying with an illegal demand, declaring that "he could be content to lend, as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself

that curse in Magna Charta which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it."

His imprisonment, however, was short; unlike that of his friend, Sir John Eliot, who languished in the Tower, under Royal displeasure, until death set him free, and whose chief solace during the last years of his life seemed to be the affectionate correspondence between himself and Hampden. The fatherly interest which Hampden shows in Eliot's two sons is a kindly trait in his severe nature; in fact, he assumes an almost paternal authority over them, when in writing he says: "Make good use of the booke you shall receave fro: mee, and of yor time. Be sure you shall render a strict account of both to yor ever assured friend and servant, Jo. Hampden."

In 1632 Eliot died in the Tower, and two years later Hampden lost his first wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom he describes in her epitaph as "in her pilgrimage, the staie and comfort of her neighbours, the love and glory of a well-ordered family, the delight and happiness of tender parents — but a crown of blessings to a husband."

After her death he did not live much in his beautiful Buckinghamshire home. His life there, of study and meditation, among the Chiltern Hills,

was but a preparation such as Cromwell's among the fens of Ely, for the time when he should lead out the militia on those same hills to take part in the Civil War.

He watched the constant encroachments of the King upon the liberty of the people, and in the spring of 1636 he took his stand against the Royal power by heading the refusal to pay the ship-money demanded of the county of Buckingham-shire. From that county was required by the writ issued, a ship of 450 tons, and 150 men, with fittings and ammunition complete, also wages and provisions for twenty-six weeks; or, instead of such a ship, the sum of £4500 to be paid by the inhabitants of the county to the Naval treasurer for the King's use.

Large questions are often involved in small sums, and the amount for which Hampden became the champion of the people's rights, and which stands as owing against his name in the writ of Buckinghamshire defaulters, is £1, 11s. 6d.

After this act his life was changed: he was no more the country gentleman, of studious habits, but fond, too, of outdoor sports, working among his neighbours as a busy magistrate, happy and active in the small arena of country life, but he became one with the great moving spirit of the

time. From the house to which he migrated in London, near to that of Pym, he watched the ever-growing struggle between absolute and constitutional government, and he threw the whole force of his vigorous nature into the constitutional side of the struggle, hoping to bring the King himself to see the justice of his people's cause. Hampden sought to persuade men's minds; Strafford, the real leader of the Royal party, wished to coerce them into submission. "Mr. Hampden," he writes, in a letter to Archbishop Laud, "is a great Brother" (Puritan); "and the very genius of that nation of people leads them always to oppose, both civilly and ecclesiastically, all that ever authority ordains for them. But, in good faith, were they rightly served, they should be whipped home into their right wits; and much beholden they should be to any that would thoroughly take pains with them in that sort."

Led by two such men as Pym on the one side and Strafford on the other, no wonder the gulf was ever widening, until the "parting of the ways" was reached, and the royal standard waved at Nottingham, with only half England's soldiers beneath it.

In Parliament Hampden did his best to convince men's reason; he was an industrious worker,

and a careful and able speaker; not eloquent or rhetorical, but moderate, accurate, and conciliatory.

Although he and Cromwell did not work largely together, he recognised the latent power in his cousin's nature. "Pray, Mr. Hampden," inquired Lord Digby of him on one occasion, "who is that man? for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day;" and Hampden answered, "That sloven whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech; but that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King (which God forbid!), in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England!" Cromwell himself, in one of his speeches, recalls a discussion he had with Hampden, on the formation of a better army, when Hampden seemed to think his ideal an impossible one. "He was," says Cromwell, "a wise and worthy person; and he did think I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one." Hampden did not live long enough to see the "good notion" realised in the model army, and the Ironsides who swept before them even Rupert's cavalry, or to behold the fulfilment of his own suggestion, and the "sloven" reigning in Charles's room.

The opening of the Civil War was a time of

private sorrow to Hampden. As was the case in so many families his house was divided, and his kinsmen fought in opposite camps, and, moreover, he lost both his eldest son and a favourite married daughter during the first year of the campaign.

He had honestly done his best in Parliament to prevent the necessity of war; but when it was inevitable he showed himself foremost in battle as he had been in debate.

On the Buckinghamshire Hills he called out the militia, and first in his own county and then in Northamptonshire he was active in urging on the Parliamentary forces; fighting continually, with promptness, obedience, and courage, which merited a better general than Essex.

In June, 1643, the King's headquarters were at Oxford, and Essex with his army lay not far off, at Thame, in Buckinghamshire.

Hampden had urged that the roads should be better watched between the two towns, knowing as he did that the country was one in which offensive warfare was easier than defensive.

Some of Essex's men had disturbed the Royalist outposts at Islip, and this was the signal for an advance by Rupert into the country held by his opponents. Hampden undertook at once the daring task of warning Essex to guard the only

bridge, that at Chiselhampton, by which the river could be crossed.

On Chalgrove Field, ten miles east of Oxford, Hampden met the Prince, before Essex and the main body of the army had time to come up.

At the head of the Parliamentary cavalry Hampden charged Rupert and his horse, and in the first charge he got his death-blow. His arm was struck by two balls, which shattered the bone and entered his body.

Those who saw him riding quietly from the field or ever the fight was done, knew that something unusual had happened, for "it was a thing," says Lord Clarendon, "he never used to do."

Faint and suffering, he yet managed to sit his horse, even while leaping a brook, until he reached Thame, and there he was received into the house of one Ezekiel Browne, and tended with such skill as was possessed by the doctors of the time.

For a week he lingered, in great bodily pain and in heaviness of heart for the fate of the cause for which he had given his life.

In spite of his suffering, he used the little strength he retained to send despatches to Parliament urging them to a wiser conduct of the war than they had as yet shown.

A few hours before his death he received the

Holy Communion, saying that though he "could not away with the governance of the Church by bishops, and did utterly abominate the scandalous lives of some clergymen," yet he "thought its doctrine in the greater part primitive and conformable to God's word, as in Holy Scripture revealed."

The words of prayer which he uttered with laboured breath, as the end drew near, might have been an anticipation of those which fifteen years later fell from the dying lips of his cousin Cromwell. "Save me, O Lord, if it be Thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in Thy especial keeping." Then, at the last, "Lord Jesu, receive my soul! O Lord, save my country—O Lord, be merciful to——" and with a cry for mercy, either for himself or others on his lips, the brave, wise spirit of Hampden was set free from his shattered body.

His death, says Clarendon, caused as great a consternation in the Puritan party "as if their whole army had been defeated"; and the copy of the *Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, the newspaper of the day, which came out in the week following his death, bears record that "the loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes

some little content to be at the army now that he is gone. . . . The memory of this deceased colonel is such that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honour and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valour, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind him."

He was buried with military honours in the little parish church beside his home in Buckinghamshire, not far from where he died; but the most fitting epitaph upon him is not above his grave, but upon his bust at Stowe, where it is said: "With great courage and consummate abilities he began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court, in defence of the liberties of his country; supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field."

The life of Colonel Hutchinson is of peculiar interest, for two reasons—first, that he was a noble and consistent instance of a *moderate* Puritan throughout the Civil War, and secondly, because the loving industry of his wife has supplied us with the full details of his life from day to day. In her Memoir we see not only the soldier and the politician, but the man as he was in everyday life, from his sickly childhood, "much troubled with weaknesse and tooth akes," through the years when he showed himself "as kinde a father, as deare a

brother, as good a master, and as faithfull a friend as the world had," to the last sad months in Sandown Castle, where, as his monument says, "he died after eleven months' harsh imprisonment—without crime or accusation—upon the 11th day of Sept. 1664, in the 49th yeare of his age, full of joy, in assured hope of a glorious resurrection."

John Hutchinson was born in September 1616, in the town of Nottingham, whither his father, Sir Thomas Hutchinson, had removed for a time from his neighbouring country-house of Owthorpe. John and his younger brother George were left motherless before the elder was four years old, and they were bred up together at the free schools of Nottingham and Lincoln, whence John proceeded to Peterhouse, Cambridge. When scarcely more than a youth he fell in love with and married Lucy, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London. His bride, according to her own account, was a model of early precocity, reading perfectly at four years old, and having so good a memory that when carried to hear sermons she could remember and repeat them exactly, especially, as she adds, that "being carress'd, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully." By the time she was seven years old she had eight tutors for different subjects, and

had outdistanced her schoolboy brothers in Latin, although her instructor in this tongue was only her father's chaplain, whom she describes as "a pittifull dull fellow."

John Hutchinson loved his Lucy almost before they met, from the accounts which reached him of her wit, her learning, and her conversation; and they were married on July 3rd, 1638, although she had but just recovered from the small-pox, and bore such severe, though temporary, marks of the malady that "the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to looke on her." The marriage was a most happy one. She proved herself a loving companion to him through weal and woe, and, as a rule, a wise counsellor in his difficulties and dangers; and after his death she obeyed his last command by devoting herself to writing his life for the sake of his children, instead of sorrowing overmuch for his loss, thereby showing herself to be as he said, even in her grief, "above the pitch of ordinary women."

John Hutchinson was not a born soldier; he would have been quite content to spend his life quietly at Owthorpe, watching his crops, overseeing his labourers, and devoting his time within-doors to religious study and the godly training of his children. So when the Civil War began at first he "prayed for peace," as did many a more warlike

man than he; but when all hope of that was past, he joined the Parliamentary side, and remained a moderate Puritan throughout his life.

He received the name of Puritan, according to his wife, in the early part of the struggle. "The Parliament had made orders to deface the images in all churches; within two miles of his house there was a church, where Christ upon the crosse, the virgin, and John, had bene fairly sett up in a windore over the altar, and sundry other superstitious paintings, of the priest's owne ordering, were drawne upon the walls. When the order for razing out those reliques of superstition came, the priest only tooke downe the heads of the images, and laid them carefully up in his closett, and would have had the church officers to have certified that the thing was done according to order. Whereupon they came to Mr. Hutchinson, and desir'd him that he would take the paynes to come and view their church, which he did, and upon discourse with the parson, persuaded him to blott out all the superstitious payntings, and breake the images in the glasse; which he consented to, but being ill-affected, was one of those who began to brand Mr. Hutchinson with the name of Puritane."

It is sad to think of the wealth of beauty once dedicated by loving hands and pure hearts to God's

sanctuary, in saintly image or pictured window, of which few traces have been left to us by those, however honest, once "branded with the name of Puritane."

The King's standard had now been set up at Nottingham, and men were ranging themselves on the one side or the other, but as yet Mr. Hutchinson did not feel any "cleare call from the Lord" to fight, although this pacific attitude did not prevent his diverting, by persuasion, a supply of plate and horses which were going to the King, into the camp of the Parliamentary general, Essex.

"The joy of battle," so strong in most of the Cavaliers, was quite absent from his nature, and though only his enemies said that he lacked courage, his wife herself owns that "he was never by his good will in a fight, but either by chance or necessity." However, he could not long hold himself apart from the struggle, and he and his brother took service together in Colonel Pierrepoint's regiment of foot, George as a major and John as lieutenant-colonel.

He was made governor of the castle of Nottingham, and as holder of that post, and afterwards as governor of the town itself, he did good service on the Parliamentary side.

In 1643 his father died, and Colonel Hutchinson

succeeded him as member for Nottingham, which gave him a further interest in the town.

His post of governor was not an easy one. He was beset with difficulties both within and without; constantly harassed by sallies or expected sallies from the Royalist forces, and also beset within the town by constant disputes and jealousies among his colleagues. He seemed to lack the power of managing men peaceably in critical situations; more than once he went up to London to ask Parliamentary aid in settling the disputes with the committee of management at Nottingham, and though he repulsed the enemy over and over again, even when they had entered the town and burned part of it, he did not seem to attach his subordinates strongly to his own person. One Captain Palmer, for instance, after a successful repulse of the Royalists, was so wroth with the governor and his wife for treating the wounded prisoners with kindness, and inviting the officers to supper, that he "bellow'd lowdly against him, as a favourer of mallignants and cavaliers." Moderation at that time found favour with no party. On the 16th of January, 1646, the Royal forces gathered at Newark, marched on Nottingham, and a severe engagement took place. The gallant brother of Lady Newcastle, Sir Charles Lucas, and Colonel

Cartwright commanded the besieging army. They found the outworks weak, and the men not firm against their attack, so that, at the first, "the cavaliers marcht in with such terror to the garrison, and such gallantry, that they startled not when one of their leading files fell before them all at once, but marcht boldly over the dead bodies of their friends, under their enemies' cannon, and carried such valliant dreadfullness about them, as made very couragious stout men recoyle."

But the governor, whose spirit was great, in spite of his yearnings for peace, rallied his men in the castle, and by threats and encouragement he brought back their flagging energy, so that the fortune of the day was changed; "the roundheads sallied forth . . . furiously . . . and surpriz'd them; while they were secure the castle would not have made so bold an attempt." The retreating Cavaliers tried to set fire to the town as they went, by shooting their pistols into the thatched roofs of the houses, but the fire did not spread, and the garrison followed up their advantage, and chased their foes in confusion from the town.

After this triumph Colonel Hutchinson received commendation from the Parliament for the public service he had rendered, and a promise of £1000 to the town. The dreaded Prince Rupert was in

the neighbourhood, and the garrison at Nottingham feared daily that he would come with his dashing cavalry to raise the siege; but the days passed, and he did not appear.

The disputes within the town waxed hotter, and at length Colonel Hutchinson went again to London to lay the case before Parliament. A settlement of the points at issue was arrived at, and he returned with a pocketful of orders to committee, officers, and soldiers, and was received at Nottingham "with all imaginable expressions of love and honour, and all the solemnities the time and place would afford," including a welcoming procession of the mayor and his brethren "in their scarlette." But as long as he continued governor of Nottingham these same disputes recurred as to the management of affairs both civil and military in the town. Colonel Hutchinson was too quick-tempered, and too much lacking in self-control to be a wise guide to what his wife describes in quaint Puritan phraseology as these "factious little people."

When the country round Nottingham settled down into something like tranquillity, the governor returned to his home at Owthorpe; but this he found in a sorry state, as it had been left uninhabited during his absence, and plundered by Royalist soldiers, so that "it was so ruinated that

it could not be repair'd." His pay was in arrears, and he was hard pressed for money; his health began to suffer, and he fell a prey to rheumatic pains, and "violent torture upon all his joynts." In this state he removed himself and his family to London, and so was the more easily accessible to be chosen as a member of the Council which tried King Charles.

He therefore is one of those against whose name, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," appears the word "regicide." His conviction of the necessity for the King's death was honest, and the result of prayer and thought; "although," says his wife, "he did not then believe but it might one day come to be againe disputed among men, yett both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their enemies, and therefore he cast himselfe upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide."

His conduct during the Protectorate was always marked by moderation; he had little in common with Cromwell himself, by whom he was somewhat slighted, and his happiest years were those spent after his retirement from public life, at his own

country home, among his children, his tenants, and his neighbours.

He was fond both of music and of art, and collected many paintings while in London, with which he beautified Owthorpe on his return.

He superintended with delight the education of his children, in languages, science, music, and dancing, "and was himself their instructor in humillity, sobrietie, and all godlinesse and vertue." And being a lover of peace and also hospitable, he found his house "much resorted to" by neighbours who till lately had fought in opposite camps.

So the time wore on until the day of reckoning came, when Charles II. "enjoyed his own again," and the regicides stood forth for trial. Here, once more, Hutchinson's moderation saved him; he was not looked upon as dangerous, and he had prominent Royalists among his wife's kinsmen. His speech, too, in his own defence, was full of quiet dignity: "If he had err'd," he said, "it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the mallice of his heart; . . . and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the publick peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose."

The sentence upon him was not the most extreme; his life was spared, and he was deprived

only of his seat in Parliament, and of power to take further part in public life.

But he was henceforth a marked man, and was constantly suspected of participation in plots against the new King's government, and was finally on this ground sentenced to imprisonment in the Tower.

There life was not made easy by the hard governor, unless prisoners were able to pay more for attention than Hutchinson either could or would, and it was no hardship therefore when he was removed to Sandown Castle, near Deal, in Kent.

But here the conditions of life were unhealthy in the extreme, and though at one time he was allowed to walk on the sea-shore, and to sort the cockle-shells his daughter brought him, the sleeping-room in which he was confined was such that the doctor said it caused his death.

Whatever was the cause his health rapidly failed. While his wife had gone to Owthorpe to fetch their children, that they might live near his place of confinement, he was seized with a violent fever, and died before her return.

When the end seemed near his brother told him that there was no more hope, and the Colonel replied, "very composedly and chearefully": "The will of the Lord be done, I am ready for it."

He seemed to have felt sometimes as if he had

not had sufficient personal degradation in the fall of his party, and this feeling may have prompted the last words he uttered: "'Tis as I would have it; 'tis where I would have it."

They brought his body back with all honour, in a "handsome private equipage," by Canterbury and London, to the quiet country home where he had been so happy; and there he was laid to his rest, and "bewailed all the way he came allong by all those who had bene better acquainted with his worth then the strangers among whom he died."

While the Puritans in England established their position by years of Civil War and bloodshed, beyond the sea others of their race were undergoing hardships of a different kind in order to lay a firm foundation for the old religion in the colonies of America.

It was in 1620, five years before the accession of Charles I., that the *Mayflower* went upon her well-remembered voyage. The English Independents who had suffered under the severity of James I. and Whitgift, had crossed over to Holland, and lived there for some years; but now that the colonies of America were becoming better known, these exiles formed the bold plan of leaving the dependence of a foreign land, and making for themselves and their children a home beyond the

sea. They longed to become once more an English-speaking nation, instead of outcasts in a foreign land. The Dutch had treated them with great kindness, but they wanted a country of their own, where they might worship God in their own way.

So they obtained, with some difficulty, a patent from the Virginia Company, and prepared themselves to go forth, with their wives and their little ones, into the new country; for "they knew they were Pilgrims, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

They had two ships, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, and these started separately from Holland, and joined company at Southampton, where they were to take up any English pilgrims who were ready to share the enterprise.

Shortly after their departure from England the *Speedwell* proved to be in an unseaworthy condition, so she had to put back again, with some of her passengers, and the *Mayflower* went out alone upon the voyage, from Plymouth to Cape Cod, which took sixty-seven days in all.

The pilgrims had many minor troubles to encounter during the voyage, storms and cross winds, slight mishaps to the little vessel herself, and much sea-sickness among the passengers. Governor

Bradford gives some quaint details; among them the following:—

"I may not omit here a special work of God's Providence. There was a proud and very profane young man, one of the seamen, of a lusty able body, which made him the more haughty. He would always be contemning the poor people in their sickness, and cursing them daily with grievous execrations, and did not let to tell them, that he hoped to help to cast half of them overboard before they came to their journey's end, and to make merry with what they had. And if he were by any gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly.

"But it pleased God, before they came half seas over, to smite this young man with a grievous disease, of which he died in a desperate manner, and so was himself the first that was thrown overboard. Thus his curses light on his own head, and it was an astonishment to all his fellows; for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him."

Each sentence in this little narrative shows the austere Puritan feeling which the pilgrims carried with them into the new country.

So they went upon their way, and "in sundry of these storms, the winds were so fierce and the seas so high, as they could not bear a knot of sail, but

were forced to hull for divers days together. And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull, in a mighty storm, a lusty young man, called John Howland, coming upon some occasion above the gratings, was with the seel of the ship thrown into the sea; but it pleased God that he caught hold of the topsail halliards, which hung overboard, and ran out at length; yet he held his hold, though he was sundry fathoms under water, till he was hauled up by the same rope to the brim of the water; and then, with a boat-hook and other means got into the ship again, and his life saved. And though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member, both in Church and Common Wealth." Such were the different fates upon the voyage of two "lusty young" men!

And in November, 1620, the pilgrims landed at Cape Cod, south-east of Boston, and there "they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof; again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element." And from that small band, only just over a hundred in all, has sprung the great mass of New England Puritanism. Their struggles at first were great, they had to fight difficulties of every kind, want and

poverty, sickness and hostile neighbours, and, hardest of all, dissensions among their own number, but the sturdy Puritan resolution which had braved the terrors of emigration in the seventeenth century, was sufficient for the task, and the Plantation at Plymouth, in New England, was established.

We must not follow the pilgrims further, though their story is one of ever fresh fascination; it is with the Puritans in the Old Country we have to deal. But when we study the lives which were freely laid down in England in the service of Puritanism, on the fields of Naseby and Marston Moor, let us not forget those others of our own race and kindred, whose sacrifice was perhaps as great, who went out from their homes in simple faith in God, to seek a resting-place where His Name could be honoured in the way they thought most fit, and who have helped to build up a mighty nation, upon the surest of all foundations, trust in God and honest hard work.

CHAPTER V

STRAFFORD AND PYM

IN Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, we see the one man whom the Parliamentary party had really reason to fear; for while he lived he supplied to the royal cause that which, without him, they lacked: ability to conceive a consistent form of policy, and indomitable will to carry it out.

In the years that were coming, when Charles in conscientious indecision promised one thing and performed another, and Rupert spilled the blood of England's knighthood in gallant charges that led to nothing, the Royalists might well long to hear again the silent voice, and to see the tall, stooping figure and stern dark face of him who had quelled—by whatever means—anarchy and rebellion in Ireland, and had been the real strength of the King's power in England, until sacrificed by the culpable weakness of the King himself.

Thomas Wentworth was born of a good old Yorkshire family on Good Friday, April 13th, 1593. He

had the ordinary education of the time, and after leaving St. John's College, Cambridge, he spent the usual year in foreign travel, under the care of a tutor.

From his youth he loved public life, and was always anxious to take part in it; the first public office he held was that of Keeper of the Yorkshire Records, the duties of which he discharged for two years from the age of twenty-two.

At first, in the early disputes between the King and the Parliament, Strafford sided against Charles, and it was not until the session of 1628 that he joined with Archbishop Laud, and became the ablest adviser the King ever had.

He was created Baron Wentworth, and was made President of the Council of the North, and in Yorkshire he worked with untiring energy, as he did afterwards in Ireland, to subdue all opposition to his royal master.

He was a man of great ability, clear-sighted, loyal, and sincere, and he saw that the only possible way in which Charles could keep his royal power under the existing state of affairs, was by making himself such an absolute king as Louis XIII. had become with Richelieu's aid. He saw that half measures were no longer possible, but he believed that by military despotism England might be brought again

Walker & Cockerell.

LORD STRAFFORD.

From an old copy in the National Portrait Gallery of a painting by Sir Anthony Van Dyck.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B L

into such a state of peaceful subjection as she had enjoyed under Queen Elizabeth.

But the all-important factor which he did not take into consideration was the inherent difference in the characters of Elizabeth and Charles; with his keen insight into men's minds, Wentworth yet never seemed to grasp how certain of failure was any plan which depended on the sincerity of the King.

The passionate loyalty which he showed to Charles, both in life and in death, would have roused a warmer feeling in most men's breasts than ever seemed to thrill that of the curiously cold-hearted King, whose sufferings, no doubt, warped his whole nature. Not even Strafford's worst enemy can do other than admire the absolute surrender of himself, his fortunes, and his life, at the feet of a monarch whom he had never seen in prosperity.

In his opening speech as President of the Northern Council, he states his idea of the relative position of a king and his people.

"Princes," he says, "are to be the indulgent nursing fathers to their people; their modest liberties, their sober rights ought to be precious in their eyes, the branches of their government be for shadow, for habitation, the comfort of life. They repose safe and still under the protection of their

sceptres. Subjects, on the other side, ought with solicitous eyes of jealousy to watch over the prerogatives of a crown. The authority of a king is the keystone which closeth up the arch of order and government, which contains each part in due relation to the whole, and which, once shaken and infirmed, all the frame falls together into a confused heap of foundation and battlement, of strength and beauty. Furthermore, subjects must lay down their lives for the defence of kings freely till these offer out of their store freely."

Such was Wentworth's ideal of the relationship which should exist between prince and subject, and to that ideal he died a martyr.

His rule in Yorkshire was hard and stern; he brooked no opposition to his will, he maintained order, but with a heavy hand, and he cared for no man's criticism. He was always firm in the conviction that his method of restoring and keeping peace was the right one, and none could shake his faith in himself.

"If," he says, in another of his Yorkshire speeches, "I do not fully comply with that public and common protection which good kings afford their good people, let me perish, and let no man pity me. In the meantime none of these clamours or other apprehensions shall shake me or cause me

to decline my master's honour and service, thereby to soothe these popular frantic humours, and if I miscarry this way I shall not even then be found either so indulgent to myself or so narrow-hearted towards my master as to think myself too good to die for him." It almost seemed as if a prophetic feeling that his loyalty to Charles might be "even unto death" was with Wentworth throughout his career, but that he should have his power taken from him, and the very master for whom he suffered writing that "I must lay by the thought of imploing you heereafter in my affaires," he never contemplated, even when he goes on to speak of the "calumny and hatred" towards him of some "ill-disposed persons"; he evidently always thought of the King loyal as he was himself, and of their sinking or swimming together. "I have not so learnt of my master," he says, "nor am I so indulgent to my own ease as to see his affairs suffer shipwreck whilst I myself rest secure in harbour. No, let the tempest be never so great, I will much rather put forth to sea, work forth the storm, or at least be found dead with the rudder in my hands." To such a nature as Wentworth's one can well believe that the bitterest thought of all at the end, after that of his master's desertion, was that the rudder was not in his dying hands.

He regarded the absolute power of the King as identical with the happiness and well-being of the people, and to the strengthening of that power he devoted all his energies of brain, and heart, and hands.

In 1632 he was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and found that ill-starred country in a more than ordinary condition of misfortune and misrule. It was heavily in debt, without proper soldiers or arsenals, the coasts beset by pirates, against whom no defence was forthcoming but that furnished by two pinnaces; Dublin Castle, where the Viceroy should lodge, was in a state of ruinous dilapidation, and the churches in that city were being used either for tennis-courts or stables. Such was the state of affairs when Wentworth was appointed Lord Deputy, and though his methods were hard, and his justice pitiless, he succeeded in the nine years of his government in evolving out of this chaos something like order and prosperity. Between the date of his appointment and his arrival in Dublin, he lost his second wife, to whom he was much attached, and who was the mother of his only son, the "dearest Wili," to whom one of his last letters from the Tower was written. He had a tender affection for his children, and the knowledge of their pitiable condition were he to die condemned

as a traitor, seemed one of the reasons for which he most earnestly desired to live.

Wentworth's one method of government was that of force, and as that has always seemed to be the most effective agent in Ireland, perhaps it naturally followed that his was one of the most successful rules there, judging only by the results at the time. He established and trained a large Irish army, and so turned to valuable use that innate love of fighting which is born in every Irishman; and for the support of this army he managed to get large grants from the Irish Parliament.

His own luggage, containing jewels of great value, had been seized by pirates when he was coming over to take up his appointment, and he made up his mind that such a state of things should soon cease to be possible. He therefore provided, partly at his own expense, partly by money wrung with difficulty from the Admiralty, two ships called the *Antelope* and the *Whelp;* these were commanded by daring and reckless seamen of the Elizabethan type, who, with Wentworth in the background to support them, soon drove the enemy from the Irish Channel.

One of his next efforts was that of planting industries in Ireland, by which the people might gradually become able to support and enrich themselves.

He sent to Holland for flax and hemp seed at his own expense, and brought over also workmen from the Netherlands to teach the beginnings of the linen trade; he carried out the system of "Thorough," which was the private name he applied to his policy, in all matters political, civil, and ecclesiastical throughout the country.

He reformed the Protestant Church, which had grown lax and careless; he rebuilt and repaired the places of worship which had either been destroyed or were being used for secular purposes, and the Catholics he treated with justice, allowing them more freedom of worship than they received in England. By his high-handed measures he made many foes, and besides these he had to struggle constantly with his personal enemy, the gout, from which he suffered more severely year by year. Possibly the climate of Ireland aggravated the disease, and his life of unending activity left him with less strength wherewith to combat the attacks; and as time went on his movements were often delayed, and his plans frustrated, while he lay chained to a sick-bed in paroxysms of suffering for which, in that age, there was little alleviation.

In his government of Ireland Wentworth showed an utter disregard of the feelings and natures of every class of inhabitant. He hated the wild

disorder which was natural and pleasant to the Celt, and he had little sympathy with the sturdier Ulsterman, or the Scotch Presbyterian colonist. The plan which he made of planting out Connaught, as Munster had been planted out in the time of Elizabeth, filled all classes alike with indignation, and though he was, for the time, a successful ruler, he was feared and obeyed, but never loved. The action which gained him perhaps the greatest unpopularity of all was that against Lord Mountnorris, the Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. This nobleman was a characteristically hot-tempered and ill-regulated specimen of the Irish gentry of the day, and from the first he and Wentworth agreed but ill together. The Lord Deputy brooked no opposition to his will in the country he had undertaken to rule, and he ignored and slighted Mountnorris in every possible way. Then two young kinsmen of the Vice-Treasurer, a brother and a cousin, further aggravated the differences between the two, one by omitting to greet the Viceroy with the deference which he always exacted from subordinates, and the other by accidentally committing a far more painful offence, in dropping a stool upon Wentworth's gouty foot.

Mountnorris used words which were construed into a wish that more harm had been done to the

vice-regal person than could be effected by a blow, even on a foot suffering from the most painful of all maladies. Wentworth took the matter up seriously, complained to the King, and got power to summon the offender to a court-martial. This in Ireland, where a word and a blow—even on a gouty foot—have always gone together, roused, naturally, unbounded indignation.

The court-martial was held in Dublin Castle. Mountnorris was accused of mutiny against the Viceroy, and was sentenced to death. Even under such a despotic rule as Wentworth's, the penalty seems amazingly in excess of the crime.

The sentence was of course remitted by the King; but Mountnorris was expelled from the army, and approval was given to the measures taken for his trial, as having "calmed and silenced all those spirits that began to make a noise." But there is a calm which is worse than ruffled waters, the calm which precedes a tempest; and the waters were rising gradually that were to overwhelm Wentworth, even when he seemed most secure. The fatal defect for his own well-being in his system of "Thorough" was that he made enemies of every class and rank; enemies not powerful enough to withstand his will at the moment, but who bided their time for revenge, and nourished against him

a fierce hatred, all the more bitter because of its suppression.

In 1640 the Viceroy was created Earl of Strafford. Charles at length recognised what a valuable Minister he had in him, and tried in every way to show his appreciation. He was invested with the order of the Garter, and was given the title of Lord-Lieutenant, instead of Lord Deputy of Ireland, which title had not been used since Elizabeth's day. But the more absolute his power became, and the more he used that power, together with his private fortune, his talents, and his whole soul in the service of the King, the fiercer grew the hatred and distrust of his foes, both in Ireland and in England.

The Short Parliament met, and was dissolved. Pym and Hampden demanded redress of grievances, and got nothing but vague promises. The Scotch Covenanters marched over the border to fight the party which contained their great enemy, Laud, and the King had to summon to his aid the one general on whom he could most thoroughly rely.

When the command reached him, Strafford was so ill that he could not at once obey it, but he came as soon as he could, never again to leave England.

"Broken with his late sickness," he could not reach the army in time to avert its defeat by the Scotch, and the next inevitable measure was the summoning of the Long Parliament on November 3rd, 1640.

The Commons were indignant beyond all measure with the King, but as yet their innate loyalty made them rather seek to lay the blame on his advisers, and to demand vengeance on them rather than on himself. And, as the ablest and the most important, so Strafford was the first to suffer.

He was tried and condemned, less really for what he had done in the past, than for what it was feared he might enable the King to do in the future.

So the unjust ceremony called a trial took place, and its pathetic details are known to all. The tall stooping figure was brought daily from the Tower, and made at times to kneel at the bar, at others, by reason of extreme bodily suffering, he was allowed the luxury of a chair.

Treason against the people was the charge brought against him, which was not an existing crime; treason being crime against the ruling sovereign. But it mattered little how the accusation was worded, or how the speeches went; the Commons had met with the intention of removing

their mightiest opponent. It was in their power to do so; they were but human, and they did it.

It is not on them that the stain rests, never to be wiped away, of disloyalty to one who had freely given his all. Before the meeting of the House, Strafford, foreseeing his danger, had been anxious to return to Ireland, but Charles had bade him stay, assuring him that, "as he was King of England, he was able to secure him from any danger, and that the Parliament should not touch a hair of his head."

The weak impeachment was soon over; then came Strafford's famous speech in answer to it, which, in spite of broken health and failing strength, rang with all his old fire and eloquence. "Under favour, my Lords," he said, "I do not conceive that there is either statute law or common law that hath declared this endeavouring to subvert the fundamental laws to be high treason. . . . And sure it is a very hard thing I should be here questioned for my life and honour upon a law that is not extant, that cannot be showed! . . . For certainly it were better a great deal to live under no law but the will of man, and confide ourselves in human wisdom as well as we could, and comply with that will, than to live under the protection of that law as we think, and then a law should be

made to punish us for a crime precedent to the law. Then, I conceive, no man could be safe if that should be admitted." The speech lasted more than two hours, until it reached its pathetic end in the entreaty for pity on his little son and daughters: "My Lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of these pledges that a saint in heaven left me, I should be loth, my Lords" . . . here, for a moment, even his fortitude gave way, and he left the sentence unfinished; . . . "what I forfeit for myself it is nothing. But I confess that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity; something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, and therefore I will leave it. And now, my Lords, I thank God I have been, by His good blessing towards me, taught that the afflictions of the present life are not to be compared with that eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my Lords, even so, with all humility and with all tranquillity of mind, I do submit myself clearly and freely unto your judgment, whether that righteous judgment shall be to life or death. *Te Deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur.*"

Never, surely, have nobler words been uttered

by a sorely stricken and suffering man, pleading for the sake of his children for the life which he had done nothing to forfeit! One more chance remained, would the King sign the Bill of Attainder? Would he for whom Strafford had given all, health, wealth, strength, and brain, be the one to write the final word which would send him out to die.

Four days before the Bill passed the Lords, Strafford had written to the King with passionate loyalty, freely offering his life in his master's cause, and begging him to assent to the Bill as best for himself without thought of his servant. But he shows how hard had been the struggle to give up the hope of life for his children's sake, in the pathetic words: "To say, sir, that there hath not been a strife in me were to make me less man than, God knoweth, my infirmities make me; and to call a destruction upon myself and young children (where the intentions of my heart, at least, have been innocent of the great offence), may be believed will find no easy consent from flesh and blood."

But he could hardly have thought that so religious and high-minded a King could break his plighted word in so serious a matter as that involving the death of his most faithful servant. This, however, came to pass. On May 9th, after two days spent in indecision, and in vainly asking the opinion of his

had become to put the government of England upon a broad constitutional basis.

Pym began the work which was to be finished by Cromwell. Throughout the rest of his life, from 1625, his is the most prominent figure in the House of Commons, the portly form, round head, great brow, and the "grave grey eyes," which never flinched before the gaze of any man, until they fell under the haggard glance of his old comrade, Strafford, whom he had condemned to a traitor's death.

Pym's interest, like that of Cromwell's, was largely concerned with the religious side of the rebellion, especially in the beginning, and the subject with which he chiefly occupied himself during Charles' first Parliament was the execution of the penal laws against Roman Catholics.

But in the Session of 1628 he took a stronger stand against the King, and was one of the principal supporters of the Petition of Right, brought forward by Coke, the late Chief Justice. None liked to put into words how weak a bond was now considered the Royal promise, till Pym rose boldly in his place, and declared that, "they did not want the King's word, for it could add nothing to his coronation oath. What was wanted was a rule by which the King's action should in future be guided."

And in answer to further argument from the Royal supporters, Pym spoke in what must have been sorrowful irony: "Truly, Mr. Secretary, I am of the same opinion that I was, that the King's oath is as powerful as his word."

The Petition of Right was signed by Charles, and the spirit of its demands was denied before a few days were over.

In the next year Pym was present at the disorderly scene when the Speaker was held in his chair by force, after announcing the Royal decree that the House should adjourn. Before the members left their places Sir John Eliot moved three resolutions: one against religious innovations, and the other two against illegal taxation; and, amid a scene of the most dire confusion, the House declared them carried. Eliot, in early days a friend of both Pym and Strafford, paid dearly for his action; he was sent, with two others, to the Tower, on the charge of riot and sedition, and there he spent three years of weary suffering. He died of consumption in 1632, and his relatives were refused permission by the King to bury him in the home of his ancestors, Charles merely writing at the foot of the petition: "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died."

For the next eleven years no Parliament sat in England.

It was largely owing to the influence of Pym that the Council of York urged upon Charles the necessity of at last calling another Parliament, and when it met in 1640, Pym took the leadership of the opposition, seconded by Hampden. The Short Parliament had sat for a month in the earlier part of the year, under the same leadership, and it was now that Pym began to earn for himself the nickname given him by Royalist lampooners of "King Pym."

His house in Gray's Inn Lane was the meeting-place for the members of the opposition; there he impressed his hearers daily more and more strongly with the truth of his own convictions, that the English Constitution must be reformed, unless ruin was to fall upon the land.

Pym's strength was in his moderation; he was a philosophic statesman, but not a visionary one. He was clear-sighted, just and courageous, and he feared no course of action which he had once conceived to be right. Had he been given the helm, and his life been prolonged, perhaps he might have steered the ship through the troubled waters safe into the harbour, unbroken by the tempests of Civil War; but this was not to be. Pym had the strongest dis-

trust of the Queen, and he saw how fatal to the Royal interests was her influence on the King. He believed that Charles' efforts to set up arbitrary government in England were joined with Roman Catholic plots to destroy Protestantism in England, and Charles' conduct was such as to make this belief not unplausible.

He saw too that on his advisers depended from day to day the weak King's actions, and he urged in Parliament that we "be careful that he have good councillors about him, and to let him understand that he is bound to maintain the laws, and that we take care for the maintaining of the word of God." Pym was at heart a Puritan, and he never separated in his mind, or in his speeches, the interests of the kingdom from the interests of what he considered "true religion."

It was he who brought in the motion for impeachment on the charge of high treason which sent the aged Archbishop Laud to spend the remaining years of his life in the Tower, and it was he too who first impeached, and then attainted his former acquaintance—some say dear friend—Strafford. Browning, in his play of "Strafford," depicts the whole scene so vividly that we are tempted to forget that it is not all history. It would be hard to conceive words more expressive of Pym's

thoughts than those the poet puts into his mouth after the King's signature of Strafford's death-warrant :—

"Have I done well? Speak, England!
Whose sole sake
I still have laboured for, with disregard to my own heart
for whom my youth was made
Barren, my manhood waste, to offer up
Her sacrifice—this friend, this Wentworth here—
Who walked in youth with me, loved me, it may be,
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,
I hunted by all means (trusting that she
Would sanctify all means) even to the block
Which waits for him. And saying this, I feel
No bitterer pang than first I felt, the hour
I swore that Wentworth might leave us, but I
Would never leave him: I do leave him now.
I render up my charge (be witness God!)
To England who imposed it. I have done
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly, it may be,
With ill effects—for I am weak, a man:
Still, I have done my best, my human best,
Not faltering for a moment. It is done.
. . . . . .
And look for my chief portion in that world
Where great hearts led astray are turned again."

So Strafford died, and the distrust between the King who had deserted him, and those who had condemned him to death because of their fear of his power, grew always stronger.

Pym and his party carried the Grand Remonstrance, the King went to Scotland, and Pym at least saw plainly the connection between the two events,

and that Scotch aid was to be demanded to coerce the English Parliament.

In his speech on November 22nd, 1641, Pym referred to plots "very near the King, all driven home to the court and popish party." He shared with Hampden and the others the strange scenes connected with Charles' impeachment of them, and, with his brother members, he returned in open triumph to the House to continue the wordy warfare with the Royalist party, but he well knew by this time that the war would soon become one of more than words.

Then the King's standard was set up at Nottingham, and Pym realised that Charles could never reign as a constitutional monarch, so he fought him as long as life lasted, with brain and strength, and urged on the war in every possible way.

With other members of his party he signed the Covenant, and undertook to set up Presbyterianism in England, believing that this was the wisest counter-stroke to Charles' league with the Irish Roman Catholics. He was at the head of the Committee of Safety appointed for the government of the country when the war began, and to its work he gave what little strength remained to him.

But his life was nearly over. He had been suffering for some time with a terrible internal abscess, and had yet gone on with his political work from

three in the morning almost until midnight, and on the 8th of December, 1643, he died at his house in London, just two years and a half after the execution of Strafford.

He had a gorgeous public funeral in Westminster Abbey, and Parliament voted the sum of £10,000 to pay his debts and to provide for his younger children.

His last days were clouded with the apparent failure of the hopes on which he had staked his all, and the triumph of the party in which he foresaw ruin to the constitution of England. Browning makes him beg of the King:—

> "Let me speak!
> —Who may not speak again; whose soul yearns
> For a cool night after this weary day:
> —Who would not have my soul turn sicker yet
> In a new task, more fatal, more august,
> More full of England's utter weal or woe."

His clear gaze may have looked beyond the present troubled state of things, and seen the happier days for which he had worked rising beyond the darkness that intervened, but he, if any man, had he lived, could have aided towards the attainment of a more moderate settlement. Clarendon, his Royalist foe, says of him, "that he was the most popular man, and the most able to do hurt, that hath lived in any time." And Mr. Goldwin Smith calls him "the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived."

CHAPTER VI

LAUD AND JUXON

THE weak nature of Charles I. leant for support on two strong men who loved his person and upheld his authority throughout their lives. These were Thomas Wentworth and William Laud.

Between them there could hardly have been a greater difference. Strafford, whose proud figure is that of the well-born English noble, used from his cradle to command, and with all the prejudices of his class strongly developed; and Laud, the little, thin, ruddy-cheeked son of a Reading clothier, with nothing to bring him into prominence but what his own brain could effect. William Laud was born in Reading in 1573. He was the only son of his father, a well-to-do merchant, but he had numerous half-brothers and sisters, the children of his mother's former marriage. After receiving a good education at the grammar-school at Reading, he went up to Oxford, and became a scholar of Sir Thomas White's lately founded college of St. John's. His ability and his industry in both theological and Oriental

studies brought him at once into notice, and he soon mounted the different stages of academical preferment, becoming in succession lecturer, fellow, proctor in the university, and president of St. John's College. To the college—the only real home he ever allowed himself—Laud was devotedly attached. He loved to enrich and beautify its walls with the books and pictures he collected; and one of the few private wishes he uttered, at the end of his three-score years and twelve of troubled pilgrimage, was that his body might rest beneath the altar of the college chapel. And this came to pass after the Restoration, when he was laid in his chosen resting-place, between the college founder and his friend Bishop Juxon, who had died three weeks before.

Laud's promotion in ecclesiastical circles was as swift as it had been at Oxford; he was made Bishop of St. David's in 1621, soon after transferred to the See of Bath and Wells, and in 1628 he accepted the still more important appointment of the Bishopric of London.

Though a lonely man, of no family ties, and few strong personal friends, Laud was the friend of the two great Royal favourites, Buckingham and Strafford; his views, and his system of government, were one with Wentworth's, and they worked and fell together.

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., Dornach (Alsace), Paris & New York.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

From Van Dyck's original in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN
FOUNDATIONS

He and Strafford strove loyally for the King and the Church, but the very strong points of Laud's character made him one of the worst advisers Charles could have had: his outlook was not broader than the King's own, and though he lacked the insincerity that was Charles' ruin, he had a tenacity in carrying out his purposes, and a total inability to feel the mind of the people or the trend of public opinion, which intensified the weaker side in the King's nature, and so tended to engulf him always deeper in the sea of errors and misfortunes.

Charles honoured Laud from the beginning of his reign; he chose him to preach the special sermon at the opening of his first Parliament, when Laud took as his text the words sadly inapplicable to the reign which was beginning, "When I shall receive the congregation I will judge according unto right."

"The King," he said, "is God's immediate lieutenant upon earth, and therefore one and the same action is God's by ordinance and the King's by execution, and the power which resides in the King is not any assuming to himself, nor any gift from the people, but God's power as well in as over him."

Such a view of the kingly office, in the ears of such a man as Charles, could but lead to trouble in the state in which England was at the end of

James I.'s reign. The King and the great Churchman had one point in their characters in which they fatally resembled one another; they neither had the power of insight into the mind of the people, each pursued his own course of action without knowing, or caring to know, how that course was judged by others. But Laud seemed sometimes to foresee, in a way which his Royal master was incapable of doing, the dark days which were drawing near.

If the Anglican Church was to remain as the established church of the country some such energetic man as Laud was absolutely necessary, at the present time, to moderate the zeal of the extreme Puritan party.

During his Bishopric of London Laud devoted much of his time and his private fortune to the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral; but when in 1633 he succeeded Abbott as Archbishop of Canterbury, his efforts for the stricter regulation of public worship throughout England grew more vigorous than ever.

His energy, in spite of weak health, was unsparing; he grudged no time or thought spent in the work he had set before him, that of the vindication of the Catholic character of the Church of England.

Men may think him right or wrong, but none can

deny that had it not been for his efforts, the English Church would have found it well-nigh impossible to stem the mighty torrent of Puritan invasion.

His teaching was that of the High Churchman, but not, as his enemies would affirm, of the Roman Catholic any more than of the Puritan.

"Union with God was to be won," it has been said, in his eyes, "not by an election once made and for ever assured, but by the lifelong struggle of the obedient soul, strengthened and armed by all the grace-giving powers of the Church. Sacraments environed it from childhood to the grave, and through the power of Sacraments it nerved itself for the fight."

Such was Laud's teaching, and for every means which could strengthen that teaching he laboured with heart-whole if austere devotion for the seventy-two years of his life.

One of the customs which had crept into the Church, and which Laud set himself to abolish, was that of the lecturers or preachers all over the country. These were supported by private subscriptions, and they did more than anything else to spread Puritan doctrines throughout the land. The beneficed parson would read the authorised Church service to an almost empty building, and then the people would flock in to hear the lecture

or sermon from a Puritan divine, clad in the black gown of a Geneva doctor. However instructive these discourses might be—and Laud, of course, hated the matter as well as the manner—the Archbishop upheld that such a course of procedure was contrary to the ordained rules of the Church. He insisted that the surplice should be worn by the preacher, and that he should read the prayers before he gave his discourse. When Laud became Dean of the Chapel Royal, he brought about this change at the King's private service, where James I. had been quite willing, in his day, to dispense with the prayers. Laud re-established them. He says in his diary: "I desired his Majesty that he would please to be present at prayers as well as sermon every Sunday, and that at whatsoever part of the prayers he came, the priest then officiating might proceed to the end of the prayers. The most religious King," he adds, "not only assented, but also gave me thanks."

Another reform on which Laud insisted was the removal of the altars in the places of worship to the east end of the church, where they were to be fixed, and decently railed off from the rest of the chancel, instead of being left, as was frequently the case, in the middle of the church, and used for general purposes, even sometimes as seats.

He obliged all who held office in the Church to do their duty according to what he considered that Church ordained. He had no mercy on bad and dissolute clergy, but had their cures taken from them. He compelled the clergy to perform the services according to the canons of the Church, and he compelled the people to attend with regularity, and with at least an outward show of reverence; even kneeling to receive the Holy Communion had become unusual in many churches, but this was now made compulsory by Laud, who was eager to draw the laity quite as much as the clergy within the fold of church discipline. All were compelled to come at least three times a year to the Holy Communion, householders were obliged to see that their families were baptized, and that their households attended regularly the catechising held in the churches, and women were commanded to come to be churched the first time they left home after the birth of a child.

Throughout the country the little energetic man carried on his work, caring neither for distrust nor displeasure, seeing only the one point of view—that of the consecrated Archbishop whose business it was to cast abuses out of the Church, without looking to the right hand or to the left: "he treated opposition, not as opinion to be convinced,

but as rebellion to be crushed." And, as he and the King were in close sympathy with one another, all feeling against Laud became identified with that against Charles, who aided in every way the carrying out of his Archbishop's views.

But little as he understood the English people, Laud understood the Scotch still less, and it was his endeavour to force his rule on them, as he had done on their brethren south of the Tweed, that hastened his fall.

He had always been unpopular with the mass of the Scotch, to whom his form of Church had never appealed. He had made himself disliked at the beginning of Charles' reign, when he had accompanied his master to Edinburgh for the ceremony of his Scotch coronation, and his wish to enforce the English Liturgy in Scotland gave great dissatisfaction.

All know the story of the reading of the service, according to Laud's Prayer-book, in St. Giles' Cathedral in Edinburgh in 1637. The congregation of maid-servants who usually attended so as to secure good seats at the sermon for their mistresses, could not refrain from an expression of disapproval at the innovation. "The Mass is among us!" they cried. "Baal is in the church!" And one, whom tradition calls Jenny Geddes, found

words too weak to express her feelings of indignation, and with the inquiry, "Hoot, mon, will ye say Mass at my lug?" she hurled her wooden stool at the head of Laud's representative, the Dean of the Cathedral.

The Dean got the stool, but Laud got the odium. From the early days of Charles' reign, when Laud had been employed to draw up a list of the clergy, marking each man with an O or a P, to signify Orthodox or Puritan, the knowledge had been growing in the kingdom as to who was the real ruler of the Church and, through that, of the State also.

Strafford and Laud worked out together their policy of "Thorough," and together it brought them to their death.

The Puritan strength had been growing in the years when Laud's influence seemed strongest, and when the Long Parliament met in November 1640 one of the first steps the Commons led by Pym and Hampden took, was to get rid of the man from whom, in conjunction with Strafford, they most feared opposition.

The Archbishop was impeached and confined in the Tower, from which, except for trial, he never came forth until his death four years later.

The first sad warning of the end came to him in

the parting from his prison window with his old friend Strafford, whose turn came first. The farewell interview which the condemned Earl had begged was denied by the Commons, but Strafford sent a message to the Archbishop bidding him be at his window when he passed out on his last journey. And in the prison-yard Strafford knelt to receive the farewell blessing of the old man, who bore up while there was need, but when the sad cortège had gone to its unjust work, fainted quietly away. His friendship for Strafford was perhaps the strongest feeling he had for human being, except his loyal devotion to the King. In his diary he writes: "Thus ended the wisest, the stoutest, and every way the ablest subject that this nation hath bred this many years. The only imperfections which he had, that were known to me, were his want of bodily health, and a carelessness, or rather roughness, not to oblige any; and his mishaps in this last action were that he groaned under the public envy of the nobles, served a mild and a gracious prince, who knew not how to be or be made great; and trusted false, perfidious, and cowardly men in the northern employment, though he had many doubts put to him about it. The day was after called by divers, *Homicidium Comitis Straffordiae*, 'the day of the murder of

Strafford'; because, when malice itself could find no law to put him to death, they made a law of purpose for it." And then, as if weary of the earthly strife and sin, he adds simply, "God forgive all, and be merciful."

For the next four years Laud had the bitter task of lying inactive in the Tower, and watching the destruction of much of his life's work. But it was not likely that he who saw so clearly what was the ideal of the Church he loved, should not foresee the fact that something at least of his work would not die with him. Intolerant, narrow-minded, and dogmatic he may have been, but he kept alight by his patience, his untiring energy, and his grasp of the importance of detail in religious matters, the clear flame of the Church in England, and prevented it from being quenched in the stream of Puritanism. His mock trial and his attainder were the counterpart of Strafford's, only that the more merciful haste which characterised the proceedings against the Earl was denied to the old Archbishop.

It was in 1641 that he was impeached and committed to the Tower. The trial did not begin until two years later, and he was not executed till the 10th of January 1645. The prayer which he composed on the day of his imprisonment is a good

index to the mind of the man himself, and to the way in which he accepted all that came to him with a sad and almost obstinate resignation, never analysing his own conduct or seeing his own limitations: "O eternal God and merciful Father, I humbly beseech Thee look down upon me in this time of my great and grievous affliction. Lord, if it be Thy blessed will, make mine innocency appear, and free both me and my profession from all scandal thus raised on me. And howsoever, if Thou be pleased to try me to the uttermost, I humbly beseech Thee give me full patience, proportionable comfort, contentment with whatsoever Thou sendest, and an heart ready to die for Thy honour, the King's happiness, and the Church's preservation. And my zeal to these is all the sin yet known to me in this particular for which I thus suffer. Lord, look upon me in mercy, and for the merits of Jesus Christ pardon all my sins many and great, which have drawn down this judgment upon me; and then in all things do Thou with me as seems best in Thine own eyes, and make me not only patient under, but thankful for, whatsoever Thou doest, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer. Amen."

The trial to which the Archbishop was subjected was a mere mockery. As in the case of Strafford,

his enemies were in power; they wished to get rid of him, and they were strong enough to do so. In that day toleration on either side in matters of religion was almost unknown, and it was revenge for the sufferings of Puritans such as Bastwicke and Burton, and of Prynne who largely conducted the trial, that brought Laud to the scaffold. Prynne, a learned Puritan lawyer, never forgot those long hours in the pillory beside his friends Bastwicke and Burton—his scarred cheeks, and ears close-cropped beneath his lank dark hair, told their own tale; and it was he who poured the bitterest drop in the cup Laud had to drink. He took the old man's diary, together with his private prayers, and had the diary specially cut and adapted to suit his purpose, and with notes by himself, he circulated it among the members of the House of Lords.

This, to a man of Laud's reserved and sensitive nature, was most repugnant, though he feared no revelations from either the one or the other. "By my diary," he says, "your lordships have seen the passages of my life, and by my prayer-book the greatest secrets between God and my soul; so that you may be sure you have me at the very bottom: yet, blessed be God, no disloyalty is found in the one, no popery in the other."

The impeachment, as in Strafford's case, broke down, and in the same way the condemnation had to be sought through a Bill of Attainder. The question was really settled before the trial began. The Puritans were in power; they were full of bitter memories concerning the hard measure meted out to them by Laud, however conscientious his motives, in the days of his prosperity: he was in their hands now, and he should suffer. They charged him vaguely with trying to "subvert the laws of the kingdom," and to "alter the true Protestant religion into Popery," and he answered with the simple directness shown in all his speeches.

"Mr. Speaker, I am very aged, considering the turmoils of my life, and I daily find in myself more decays than I make show of, and the period of my life, in the course of nature, cannot be far off. It cannot but be a great grief unto me, to stand at these years thus charged before ye. Yet give me leave to say thus much without offence: whatsoever errors or faults I may have committed by the way, in any my proceedings, through human infirmity—as who is he that hath not offended, and broken some statute laws too, by ignorance, or misapprehension, or forgetfulness, at some sudden time of action?—yet if God bless

me with so much memory, I will die with these words in my mouth, 'That I never intended, much less endeavoured, the subversion of the laws of the kingdom; nor the bringing in of Popish superstition upon the true Protestant religion established by law in this kingdom.'"

So we leave Laud, for it is needless to dwell on the spectacle of the venerable Archbishop mounting the scaffold in the face of the crowd, for public execution. For such a nature as his, the bitterness of death passed when his hand was taken from the rudder, and he could no longer guide the Ship of God's Church into the haven which he knew lay beyond the storms.

His property had been confiscated before his death, so that his last will and testament were of no effect, except to show where his interests and affections were centred. St. John's College, which had always been very near his heart, was not forgotten by him at the end. By clause 3 in his will he bequeaths to the College his chapel plate, furniture, and books, together with five hundred pounds, to be invested in the purchase of land, for an increase of the income of fellows and scholars. "I have done for them already," he says, alluding to the frequent gifts he had bestowed during his lifetime on men of the

College, "according to my ability, and God's everlasting blessing be on that place and that society for ever."

The document concludes with these words: "Thus I forgive all the world, and heartily desire forgiveness of God and the world. And so again I commend and commit my soul into the hands of God the Father who gave it; in the merits and mercies of our Saviour Christ who redeemed it, and in the peace and comfort of the Holy Ghost who blessed it, and in the truth and unity of His Holy Catholic Church, and in communion with the Church of England, as it yet stands established by law."

The man who followed Laud closely in worldly positions, though they were very unlike in character, was William Juxon. Like Laud he graduated at St. John's College, Oxford, and like him he filled the posts successively of President of that College, Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. But it is not as the holder of any of these offices that Juxon is remembered by every English man and woman, but as the one chosen spiritual adviser who accompanied his dearly loved royal master into Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow, who, alone among many, had the courage to bid that master refuse his signature to Strafford's death-

warrant, and who stepped with him out on to the scaffold when even faithful Herbert's heart failed, and standing beside the block received his last mysterious message, "Remember."

The fact of Juxon being a member of Laud's own college had great influence on his career. They were akin in their beliefs, and both as President of St. John's and as Bishop of London, Laud chose Juxon to succeed him.

Juxon had been educated at Merchant Taylors' School, one of the best schools of the day, and thence he proceeded to St. John's College, which has always had a connection with that school.

After taking his degree, he officiated for six years as vicar of the little church of St. Giles, at that time outside the city walls, now in the most populous suburb of Oxford. He was essentially a man of peace, possessing the even courtesy of manner in which Laud himself was so lacking. Kindly, affectionate, and faithful by nature, he quietly maintained the opinions he believed to be right, through the stormy years of Charles' reign, and the gloom that hung over the Church during the Protectorate, until he took his part as an aged and infirm figure in the gorgeous pageant of Charles II.'s coronation.

On the 29th of November 1621, on Laud's

translation to the See of St. David's, Juxon was elected, on his recommendation, to succeed him as President of St. John's College. And here he spent some happy years in the work which Laud had planned, but had not time to undertake, that of revising and remodelling the ancient Statutes of the University. When Laud was made Archbishop, Juxon again took his place, and left Oxford to become Bishop of London, and his life henceforward was one of labour, compared to which that bestowed on the University Statutes must have seemed light; for besides the duties of his Bishopric he was made Lord Treasurer, owing to Laud's influence, and he devoted himself with conscientious care to restoring the revenue by legal and just methods.

Sir Philip Warwick, who knew him well, says of him: "This reverend prelate was of a meek spirit, and of solid and steady judgment, and having addicted his first studies to the civil law, from which he took his title of doctor, though he afterwards took on him the ministry"—Juxon had entered as a student at Gray's Inn as soon as he took his degree, and before he was ordained—"this fitted him the more for secular and state affairs. His temper and prudence wrought so upon all men, that though he had the two most invidious

characters both in the ecclesiastical and civil state, one of a bishop the other of a lord treasurer, yet neither drew envy on him, though the humour of the times tended to brand all great men in those employments. In the year 1635, this good and judicious man had the white staff put into his hand, and though he found the revenue low and much anticipated, yet without meeting with times peaceable and regular, and his master inclined to be frugal, he held up the dignity and honour of his Majesty's household, and the splendour of the court, and all public expenses, and justice in all contracts. So as there was as few dissatisfactions in his time as perchance in any, yet he cleared off the anticipations of the revenue and set his master beforehand."

For five years he held the office of Lord High Treasurer, and only resigned it when the troubles began to thicken around his master.

Laud's impeachment and imprisonment must have been a heavy grief to him; and even heavier must have been his sorrow at seeing his dearly-loved King unable to bear the strain upon his fortitude, and letting himself stoop to the one action of his reign, most bitterly repented, the desertion of his faithful servant Strafford.

Juxon must have heard the sad outpourings of

the captive King's heart, for he was his chosen guide during the last weeks of his life. When he first met him after the sentence had been pronounced, Juxon fell at his master's feet in an agony of grief. But Charles, whom personal trials never daunted, bade him restrain his feelings: "Leave off this, my lord," the King said, "we have not time for it. Let us think of our great work, and prepare to meet that great God, to whom, ere long, I must give an account of myself. I hope I shall do it with peace, and that you will assist me therein." And the Bishop did not fail him. He ministered to him until the end. It was from Juxon's hands that the King received his last communion, it was Juxon's voice which preached the last sermon he ever heard, from the text, "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of all men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel."

It was he who read the lesson from the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, on the last morning of the King's life, and answered Charles' inquiry as to his choice, by telling him that it was "the proper lesson for the day, as appointed by the calendar"; and the coincidence seemed to please and cheer the King, for the chapter tells of the passion of our Lord.

Juxon waited with his royal master for the summons to Whitehall, and walked thither at his right hand from St. James' Palace. He stepped with him through the window of the banquet-hall, on to the black scaffold outside; he held his cap, and kissed his hand, and consoled him to the end. "There is but one stage more, sir," he said when all was ready; "the stage is turbulent and troublesome. It is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way. It will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort."

"I go," said the dying King, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be."

"You are exchanged," concluded the Bishop, in solemn farewell, "from a temporal to an eternal crown; a good exchange."

And then it was that Charles uttered his famous last charge to Juxon, in the one word, "Remember." The Bishop's own explanation was that it referred to a message to the Prince of Wales, bidding him forgive his father's enemies.

Juxon did his part, both as mourner and as priest, at the solemn quiet funeral amid the snowflakes, when they laid the weary King to rest in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and then for a time

the Bishop passed soberly away from the stage of public life.

He had property in Gloucestershire at Little Compton, and there he spent the years of Oliver Cromwell's martial rule, helping his brother clergy in their poverty and often destitution, reading in secret the forbidden Liturgy from the Book of Common Prayer, to small assemblies of devoted Churchmen, enjoying the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman, usual at the time to Bishops, such as hunting, to which he was devoted; and being the one clergyman of his day, among all denominations, who appeared to be able to "live peaceably with all men."

In 1660 came the great event of the Restoration, and, in the crowning of the once exiled Prince, Juxon took a prominent part.

Though old and infirm, and suffering from a hopeless malady, he had been made Archbishop of Canterbury, as the one man to whom none could object, so here again he followed in the footsteps of his admired and beloved friend Laud. Though too feeble to join in the coronation procession, Juxon set the crown upon the new King's head, and placed the sceptre in his hands, and as he administered the Holy Communion to his new master, his thoughts may well have gone back to

the last communion of his dear dead King, and his eyes may have failed to see clearly the pomp of gold and silver, and the glitter of diamond coronets, because of the softly falling flakes of snow over a velvet pall, that memory brought before him.

He only lived three years after the Restoration, and these he spent, with what little vigour was still left to him, in revising the Prayer Book and the conduct of the Church services.

The Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662, and one year later the good Archbishop "fell on sleep."

He was buried in Oxford, as he had wished, beneath the altar of St. John's College, where Laud was now laid beside him, and there they sleep together, two noble sons of a noble College, united in life and death; the one remembered always for the dauntless energy with which he fought the battle of the English Church, the other as the man who more than all others in those tempestuous days had learned the lesson to "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man can see the Lord."

CHAPTER VII

BUNYAN

THE Puritan doctrines tended to bring into prominence men of humble origin, and one of the most lowly-born, whose name has become famous to all generations, was John Bunyan, the preaching tinker of Elstow.

He was born in 1628, three years after the accession of Charles I., at the village of Elstow, about a mile from Bedford, and his childhood and youth were troubled by visions and heavenly voices such as had sent forth the French maiden Jeanne d'Arc to her work and to her death. But the voices which spoke to Bunyan, in the quiet Bedfordshire fields, were the introspective yearnings of the true Puritan for a freedom from worldly care, and a certainty of everlasting salvation. They did not call him to action as a leader in the ranks against King Charles—had they done so it is probable that his very name would by now have been forgotten; they called him instead to a battle which is ever old, yet ever new, and the record of which he has

JOHN BUNYAN.

From the original by Robert White in the British Museum.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

left behind for the comfort and help of all that come after him, in his story of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Of his early life, as far as its homely incidents go, we know little, but something of its events may be gathered in the religious tract he wrote describing his spiritual experiences, and which he called "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners; or, a Brief Relation of the Exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to His poor Servant, John Bunyan." His father was a tinker, and of his descent he writes: "It was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land."

But poor though his father was, he had sufficient care for his little son to send him to the neighbouring grammar-school, there to get what learning he could. But the boy seemed to make but scant use of his school-time. "To my shame," he says, "I confess I did soon lose that little I learnt." He was so bad a scholar that his wife had to teach him again to read, after their marriage, and the manuscripts of his works were noticeable for the bad writing and the spelling, which was considered illiterate even in that unexacting age.

He was a delicate, morbid child, constantly

beset with troubled visions of death and judgment, and these were intensified, according to his own view, by several narrow escapes he had in youth from accidental death.

"Once," he says, "I fell into a creek of the sea and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me alive. Besides, another time being in the field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway; so I, having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act," he adds, "had not God been merciful unto me, I might by my desperateness have brought myself to mine end." And this feeling of special preservation followed him during the short period when he served in the army, probably in the ranks of the New Model, and of which his only mention is in the following passage:—

"This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving. When I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the

siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died."

After this brief military experience he returned to his native village, and though only twenty, and exceedingly poor, he married a young wife as poor as himself. But she brought with her a rich dowry, in the shape of two small religious books, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety," "which her father," says Bunyan, "had left her when he died."

Though so poor that they had not "so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt" them, the young couple were very happy, and together they studied their two little godly books, the wife doing her best to bring back to Bunyan's mind the half-forgotten teaching of the Bedford school. His nature, and the influences under which he came, tended to exaggerate his sense of the evil in himself, and he writes as if his early life had been spent in scenes of godless dissipation. But this was evidently not the case; he joined in the pleasures of the other village youths, such as dancing, bell-ringing, and a game called "tip-cat" played on the green. But by one bad habit there is no doubt he was possessed, even from a child, and that was one most abhorrent to the strict Puritan, that of profane swearing.

"From a child," he says, "I had but few equals (especially considering my years, which were tender, being few) both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." But it shows what sturdy strength of will he possessed, that he gave up this habit absolutely, when a young man, on the rebuke of a woman, and she, as he says, but "an ungodly wretch" herself.

He describes the scene thus: "As I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the madman after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house and heard me. . . . She told me, 'That I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in a whole town, if they came but in my company.' At this reproof I was silenced and put to secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven. Wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing." And so later on he is able to say, "But how it came to pass I know not; I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it. And whereas

before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority; now I could, without it, speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."

Here surely we see an instance of the highest form of victory over evil won by the true Puritan. The sinner, honest enough to see the truth of the rebuke, though coming through an unworthy instrument, feeling himself humbled, not in the eyes of the world so much as before "the God of heaven"; going quietly home to realise his sin, and to conquer it, and only in the humility of his soul to "wonder" at the strength with which his evil habit has been killed.

Soon after this event, Bunyan's time of trial began. A godly neighbour led him to study the Bible, and the Puritan's habit of taking isolated texts, and attaching great importance to their significance without studying them in connection with the context and the Bible as a whole, proved the source of terrible religious difficulties in Bunyan's case.

A godly Baptist minister named Gifford had a congregation in Bedford, and to it belonged the "three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking about the things of God,"

upon whom Bunyan chanced one day when in Bedford, and whose conversation led him still further to a study of spiritual things.

The next two years were years of darkness to him, while he wrestled with his own evil passions, and sought for the sense of personal conviction necessary for the comfort of those who follow the doctrines of Puritanism. "These things," he says, "did sink me into very deep despair; for I concluded that such things could not possibly be found amongst them that loved God. . . . Kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry; but yet I was as bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away. I thought also of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him; and did greatly fear that my condition was the same with that of his." His struggle was a hard one; even the healing emotion of tears was denied to him. "If I would have given a thousand pounds for a tear, I could not shed one." And the feeling, most terrible of all to bear, that of isolation, constantly oppressed his soul. "I saw some could mourn and lament their sin; and others again could rejoice and bless God for Christ; and others again could quietly talk of and with gladness remember the Word of God; while I only was in the storm and

tempest." But light came to him at last; even before the two years were over he had occasional gleams of comfort. "I remember," he says, "that one day as I was travelling into the country, and musing on the wickedness . . . of my heart, and considering of the enmity that was in me to God, that Scripture came into my mind, 'He hath made peace by the blood of His cross.' By which I was made to see, both again and again and again that day, that God and my soul were friends by this blood. . . . This was a good day to me; I hope I shall not forget it."

At last came the time when the struggle ceased, and the fight, so earnestly and conscientiously waged for more than two weary years, was over. The words darted suddenly into his mind, "*My grace is sufficient for thee;*" again and again they came to him, seeming to be written in letters of fire before his troubled eyes. Like his own pilgrim, Christian, he cast his burden down before the Cross; he grasped the power of the Gospel beyond that of the Law, and from the Slough of Despond he passed through the Wicket Gate, and prepared himself with gladness to tread the narrow way that leads to the city of God.

Bunyan's joy in his deliverance was as great as had been his fears in his earlier state. "One

night," he says, "as I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, '*I must go to Jesus.*' At this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set within my view. While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, '*Wife,*' said I, '*is there ever such a Scripture, I must go to Jesus?*' She said she could not tell; therefore I sat musing still to see if I could remember such a place. I had not sat above two or three minutes, but that came bolting in upon me, '*And to an innumerable company of angels;*' and withal Hebrews the twelfth, about the Mount Sion, was set before mine eyes."

His struggle had been at first a lonely one; he had seemed removed by it from human fellowship. Now at last he found comfort in the thought of being one of a ransomed host—not a wretched lost soul striving in darkness, with none to help, but one of the "*general assembly and Church of the firstborn which are written in heaven.*" "Then with joy," he says, "I told my wife, '*Oh, now, I know, I know!*' And," he adds, "but that night was a good night to me; I never had but few better."

After this change in his spiritual condition, Bunyan became a member of Gifford's Baptist

congregation at Bedford, and was soon set apart, "by prayer and fasting," as a preacher in the town and neighbourhood.

His gift of homely, expressive language, his clear insight into the unseen world, his incessant study of the Bible, from which both his phrases and his imagery were largely drawn, and the firm foundation on which his own faith rested, must have made him a welcome guide to many in that time of religious doubt and difficulty.

Preaching such as his was illegal, but the law at that time dealt leniently with offenders, and Bunyan continued to preach until six months after the Restoration, when he was imprisoned for his refusal to discontinue the practice, and so spent the next twelve years of his life in Bedford Gaol.

His treatment there varied according to the feeling of the time; sometimes he was closely confined, at others he was allowed to visit his wife and children; he earned something by making "long-tagged laces," which he sold to travelling hawkers, and he preached regularly to his fellow "spirits in prison." Now, too, he began to write regularly, although before this time he had published several religious tracts; in 1666, the year of the great fire of London, when he had been already six years in prison, he published the

story of his own spiritual life in "Grace Abounding," and four years later he began to write "The Pilgrim's Progress," which, however, was not published for eight years more. In 1682 he published his other famous allegory, "The Holy War," and in 1684 the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

In 1672, when the laws against all nonconformists were relaxed, he was released from prison, and on May 9th, of the same year, he was granted a licence to preach.

He was now well known, both as a writer and a preacher, and men flocked to hear him from all parts. A large chapel was built for him in Bedford, and he still travelled about the neighbourhood in his old fashion, only that now he sometimes came as far as London, where he preached to crowded congregations.

So passed the rest of his life, in the busy sober discharge of his duties, the showing forth to others in every way the joy of salvation which was his own most cherished possession. And in the path of duty death came to him. In 1688 he rode through a severe storm from London to Reading, to use his influence in reconciling a father and son; he succeeded in his mission, but caught so severe a chill that it brought on fever, and he died on August 31st, aged sixty years.

To the end of his life he was the same simple honest God-fearing peasant soul that he had been at the time of his conversion.

A contemporary describes him "as mild and affable in conversation, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company unless some urgent occasion required it, observing never to boast of himself or of his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others . . . being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile differences and to make friendship with all."

In appearance he was tall and strong, with ruddy face, reddish hair, and sparkling eyes, that must have glowed indeed with hardly earthly light at the visions they beheld. His Pilgrim's experiences were his own, and the glorious end was the goal to which he struggled; so both in "Grace Abounding" and in "The Pilgrim's Progress" we have the history of his own life. From the Slough of Despond he passed through the Wicket Gate into the narrow way, he climbed the Hill of Difficulty, and wrestled with Apollyon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. With Hopeful ever by his side he reached the banks of the river that has no bridge, and went out upon it into the darkness

beyond our ken, in the sure faith that "the gates of the city would be opened to let" him in.

To write on "The Pilgrim's Progress" is much like writing upon the Bible. To most of us it is bound up with the earliest memories of our childhood, with our first thoughts of right and wrong, our first ideas of God and heaven.

The story is simple enough, but it is always new, for it deals with the simplest of all themes, and yet one which is repeated day by day a thousand times; it tells of the passage of a human soul from the cradle to the grave, and it tells the tale in language borrowed from the Bible, and yet with quaint homely touches from the author's own experience, which make the characters speak to us as living men and women.

Christian, the hero of the story, reads in the Book of the wrath which will come upon the City of Destruction, and he makes up his mind to leave his home and to undertake the dangerous and toilsome journey which will lead him to the Celestial City. He cannot persuade his wife or children to go with him, so alone—according to the Puritan idea of conversion—he starts, being so full of fear as to the fate of his native place that he runs with his fingers in his ears, lest he should

hear the voices of his loved ones trying to retain him at their side.

A heavy burden is on his back, and this adds to his difficulty in crossing the Slough of Despond, which lies in the middle of the plain outside the city. Two neighbours pursue him, Obstinate and Pliable, and go with him for a little way, while he tells them how Evangelist has taught him the safe road to Mount Zion. Obstinate soon leaves him, and Pliable's ardour, which is kindled by Christian's words, is soon quenched by a tumble into the Slough. He scrambles out of it by the way he came, and hies him back to the City of Destruction. Christian himself had hard work not to sink in the mire, for the burden of sin on his back weighed him down, but "a man came to him whose name was Help, and said, *Give me thy hand!* So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way." Then Mr. Worldly Wiseman tries to turn him aside to seek ease from his burden in the village of Morality, where "dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality," quite able to remove the load from his shoulders, and should he not be at home his son, a "pretty young man whose name is Civility," will soon do the work for him.

The Hill of the Law nearly overwhelms the

Pilgrim, but he flees from it in time, and again meets Evangelist, who turns him back with a severe rebuke into the right path.

So he comes to the Wicket Gate, and Goodwill draws him quickly in lest he should be hit by the arrows which Captain Beelzebub is constantly shooting at pilgrims from his strong castle.

Goodwill welcomes him with helpful words, and speeds him on his journey, telling him that he is nearing the place where he will be eased of his burden.

Then he comes to the house of the Interpreter, and there he sees many wonderful and terrible sights, of which the most awful is the Man in the Iron Cage, who has sinned so deeply that his heart is hardened and he cannot repent.

Interpreter gives Christian instructions for his journey, and so he goes on between the walls which are called Salvation, until "he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a *Cross*, and a little below in the bottom, a sepulchre." "So I saw in my dream," says the narrative, "that just as Christian came up with the *Cross*, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble; and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no

more. Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, *He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.*"

Vivid is the picture of the three men he meets with next, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, sleeping by the wayside with fetters upon their heels; they will not be roused by him, even when he warns them that a roaring lion will presently pass that way. Simple says, *I see no danger;* Sloth says, *Yet a little more sleep;* and Presumption says, *Every tub must stand upon his own bottom.* Unheeded by them, Christian goes on until he is startled by two men, Formalist and Hypocrisy, who come tumbling over the wall into the path at his feet. They argue with him that their method of entering the narrow way is as good as his, but when they all three reach the Hill of Difficulty they show how little fitted they are for the difficult journey. One takes the path of Danger, and one that of Destruction, which lead round the bottom of the hill, and they leave Christian alone to climb the rugged mountain, often upon his hands and knees.

When this is passed, and also his return journey to find his precious roll, which he had dropped while sleeping in the arbour on the hillside, he comes to the House Beautiful, and is welcomed

and entertained by the three godly maidens, Prudence, Piety, and Charity.

They refresh him with food and drink, and he stays some days to rest his weary limbs in the house which the Lord has built for the refreshment of travellers. He holds much converse with the maidens, and tells them of his doings; and when he finally goes on his way he is equipped from their armoury with sword, shield, and helmet, also with the "breastplate *All Prayer*, and shoes that would not wear out."

He has need of all these, for only a little distance from the House Beautiful lies the Valley of Humiliation, and there he meets with the terrible enemy, Apollyon. "*Apollyon* straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, *I am void of fear in this matter*, prepare thyself to *die*."

The fight is long and hard. "No man can imagine . . . what yelling and hideous roaring *Apollyon* made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from *Christian's* heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded *Apollyon* with his two-edged sword, then indeed he did smile and look upward."

After this Christian passes down into a still

gloomier valley, the Valley of the Shadow of Death. There he sees the bones of others who have gone before him, and have perished in the darkness; and there evil spirits are around him on all sides, tempting him to sin and to destruction. But through these dangers too he passes safely, though so fearful and "confounded" at times that "he did not know his own voice"; and it is soon after leaving this valley that he overtakes the pilgrim, Faithful, who had passed him on the journey, while he was resting in the House Beautiful.

Then they went lovingly together, talking of all subjects connected with their pilgrimage, and cheering one another by godly words. Talkative also joined them for a while, but he soon grew weary of their discreet conversation, and left them just before they again met with Evangelist.

He warned them now of the trials they were approaching in the town of Vanity, where a great annual fair was being held.

The description of the wicked inhabitants of this town, and of the evil practices in Vanity Fair, and the wise behaviour of the two pilgrims while passing through it all describe Bunyan's own view of the world; even the pillory, of which he has heard so much, is one of the methods of punishment in the town.

The pilgrims were seized as enemies to the trade of the place, because they would take no part in its sinful amusements, and being tried by the judge, poor Faithful was condemned to a cruel death, and Christian, after being imprisoned, with difficulty escaped alive. But with him, in the place of his lost friend, came one Hopeful, who had taken courage from the sight of Faithful's noble end to renounce the ungodly life of the town of Vanity, and to join Christian on his way to the Celestial City. So together they journey on, passing through many perils, of which the most terrible is their capture by Giant Despair, and their imprisonment in his gloomy dungeon. They rest, and hold sweet converse with the Shepherds who feed their flocks on the slopes of the Delectable Mountains, and who show them a far-off glimpse of the Celestial City. They meet and talk with Atheist, and also with the young man Ignorance, who joins company with them, but cannot always keep up with them, so that presently "they went on apace before, and Ignorance he came hobbling after."

So at last the end of the pilgrimage is reached, and Christian and Hopeful come together to the shores of the dark river which has no bridge, and "the river was very deep."

Hopeful cheers the sinking Christian when the waters seem about to overwhelm him. "Be of good cheer, my brother," he says; "I feel the bottom, and it is good."

Their mortal garments are left in the river; ministering spirits, clad in shining raiment, await them on the farther bank, and a great company of the heavenly host come forth to greet them, and

> "Lead the toilworn human feet,
> Through the pearl doorway, up the golden street."

So the progress is over, the battle won, and the triumph of the ransomed souls is sung with harp and crown and bell. But, after the one glorious glimpse of sunlit golden streets, the gates of the city close again upon the newly elected, and the dreamer is left outside, "which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

Such is the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which few have hesitated to call the finest English allegory ever written, and which is also, in a certain sense, the first great English novel. For with its heavenly meaning, its depth of religious thought, and its earnest application of the Scriptures, it yet tells an interesting and lively tale of adventure and romance, with vivid pictures of men and things, and conversations that might belong to any period.

The second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was published in 1684, twelve years after Bunyan had been pardoned, released from prison, and licensed to preach again. It tells of the fate of Christiana, Christian's wife, and of their four sons, Matthew, Samuel, Joseph, and James, and how they too were led, after a time, to follow in their father's footsteps, and to leave the City of Destruction, and to go forth upon the dangerous journey that led to the city on Mount Zion.

At first they had scoffed at Christian, and had joined with the neighbours in trying to prevent his departure; as the "aged gentleman" Mr. Sagacity says: "They all play'd the fool at the first, and would by no means be persuaded by either the tears or the entreaties of *Christian*, yet second thoughts have wrought wonderfully with them; so they have packt up and are also gone after him." The neighbours try to keep them, as they had tried to keep Christian, and the description of the gossiping women who chatter together about the departure is one of the homely touches that recall Bunyan's life in the Bedfordshire village, where such women must have been common enough.

Mrs. Timorous and the young maiden Mercy pay Christiana a visit, and Mrs. Timorous sets before her

the dangers of her intended journey ; but finding she cannot change Christiana's intention, she returns to her own home, and calls a meeting of her gossips, Mrs. Bats-eyes, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Light-mind, and Mrs. Know-nothing—the choice of names is one of Bunyan's greatest gifts, and reminds one sometimes of Browning—and they discuss the matter together. Finally they settle to let her go, in the hope that "better may come in her room," for they say that "'twas never a good world since these whimsical fools dwelt in it."

But Mercy stays with Christiana, making up her mind "to walk this sunshine morning a little way with her to help her on the way."

So they all set out together, Christiana, Mercy, and the four little boys, and though they get through the Slough of Despond without much difficulty, they are all greatly alarmed, while waiting for admission at the Wicket Gate, by the fierce barking of a dog. "A dog and a great one too, and this made the women and children afraid. Nor durst they for a while to knock any more, for fear the mastiff should fly upon them."

Therefore they were, as Bunyan expresses it, "greatly tumbled up and down in their minds,"

and knew not what to do. However, they summon courage to knock again, and Christiana and the boys are admitted, but Mercy is left outside. Then she too knocks once more, and, as her friend tells her later, the doorkeeper "when he heard your lumbring noise, gave a wonderful innocent smile," and so Mercy too enters the gate. And the keeper told them that the dog is not his, but is kept by an enemy in an adjacent castle "with intent to keep the pilgrims from coming to me. . . . He has frighted many an honest pilgrim . . . by the great noise of his roaring."

The keeper of the gate then treats them kindly, washes their feet, and gives them food, and so sends them forth refreshed upon their journey.

But soon they come to a place where tempting fruit-trees hang their laden boughs over the wall that bounds the narrow way, and Matthew and his brother, in spite of Christiana's chidings, help themselves freely to the forbidden fruit, for which Matthew afterwards suffers severely.

Then they come, as Christian had done, to the house of the Interpreter, and he shows them the wonders and the warnings which his dwelling contains, among others "the man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his

hand." And the Interpreter explained to them how the man's eyes were so intently fixed on earthly things, on "the straws, the small sticks, the dust of the floor," that he could not even see the heavenly crown which one held, all the time, above his head.

He showed them his garden too, where they were surprised to see a little robin red-breast, with a great spider in his mouth; but the Interpreter bids them learn from this sight how that even good people are not sometimes above the wish to "change their diet, drink iniquity, and swallow down sin like water."

After supper they all rest comfortably in the rooms prepared for them, and in the morning they prepare to continue their journey.

But before they go, the damsel Innocent takes them to a bath in the garden, there bidding them all wash and be clean, for such is her master's will; and when they come to him after bathing, "not only sweet and clean, but also much enlivened and strengthened in their joints," he looks with pleasure upon them, and says to them, "Fair as the moon." So are their sins washed away.

Before they leave the house the master calls

one of his servants, Mr. Great-heart, and bids him arm himself with the weapons which the armoury contains, and go with the little party to protect them on their way.

They pass by many of the sights which Christian had seen on his pilgrimage, and when they come to the place where he had vainly tried to rouse from sleep Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, they see the bodies of these three men hanging dead by the wayside.

They had been punished for their many evil deeds, and for the sake of the pilgrims whom they had turned aside from the way, such as "Mr. Sleepy-head," "Mr. No-heart," "Mr. Short-wind," and "a young woman whose name was *Dull*."

By the time they reach the arbour on the hill-side they were "in a pelting-heat," so they rest awhile, and Christiana refreshes her little flock with pomegranate, honey-comb, and a "little bottle of spirits" which the Interpreter had given her.

When they start again she leaves this precious little bottle behind her, and has to send one of the boys back to find it; so Mercy, thinking also of Christian's lost roll, calls the arbour a "losing place."

Mr. Great-heart leads them safely through the

dangers of the way; he fights the fierce lion which comes forth to meet them, and with blows from his good sword forces him to retreat, and so he brings them to the porter's lodge of the House Beautiful.

Here they are made so welcome that they are in no hurry to depart. Prudence examines each of the boys in their religious knowledge, and praises the careful teaching of their mother. Mercy, who "was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring," consults the ladies of the household as to a suitor who "has offered love to her," a "man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion," whose name was Mr. Brisk. But they dissuade her from giving him encouragement, and the party are soon entirely occupied with the sufferings of Matthew, who pays dearly for his meal of unripe fruit.

It needs all the care of "*Mr. Skill*, an antient and approved physician," to restore the boy to health, and when this is done, Mr. Great-heart rejoins them, and they go upon their way.

Through the Valley of Humiliation they pass, and find no evil there, only green grass and pleasant pastures, where fair lilies bloom, for the humble-minded pass through this valley more easily than those who are proud and of a lofty spirit. They

saw the monument which told of Christian's victory over Apollyon, and then they entered the gloom that hung over the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Here indeed they were filled with fear, for the ground trembled as they walked, and horrible noises, like the hissing of serpents, and the groaning of dead men, sounded all around them. But Mr. Great-heart did not fail them: again he fought a lion that lay in their path, he comforted them, and sustained their drooping spirits, and showed no shrinking from any fear or foe. He slew the "great giant *Maul*, which did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry," and cut off his head from his shoulders with the good sword of All-prayer. And so he led them in safety through the valley, to the place where a good old pilgrim, Honest, was sleeping under an oak-tree, and he joined company with their party.

They enlivened their journey with edifying tales, until Christiana declared herself and her children too weary to travel farther that day, and so they stayed at the house of one Gaius, much recommended by old Mr. Honest.

Gaius received them kindly, and hastened to order his cook, "whose name was *Taste-that-which-is-good*," to prepare a substantial supper for the

tired wayfarers. Here, therefore, they rested for a time, and here Matthew, who seemed to have aged somewhat rapidly since the episode of the unripe fruit, was betrothed and married to Mercy.

During their sojourn, Mr. Great-heart goes forth with Gaius and Honest to the cave where dwells the giant Slay-good, who is a "flesh-eater," and does "much annoy the King's highway in these parts." They fall upon him in his den, where he is about to devour a poor pilgrim, Mr. Feeble-mind, whom he has taken on his journey, and Mr. Great-heart "smote him and slew him, and cut off his head, and brought it away to the inn."

Feeble-mind joins company with them for the rest of the journey, and Mr. Ready-to-halt, who comes limping up, crutches in hand, at Gaius' door, makes a suitable companion for him among the party.

By the wise care of Mr. Great-heart they pass safely through the town of Vanity, lodging at the house of an old disciple called Mnason, who gives two of his daughters in marriage to Samuel and Joseph, so that the party which now sets forth from the town is considerably augmented. Presently they come to Doubting Castle, where dwells still Christian's old enemy, Giant Despair. Him too Mr. Great-heart slays, and when his wife Diffidence,

the giantess, comes up to help him, "old *Mr. Honest* cut her down at one blow."

And so the pilgrimage is continued, through dangers and difficulties, but with the hope of the heavenly prize ever before the eyes of the pilgrims, "until they were come unto the land of *Beulah*, where the sun shineth night and day." Here they rest themselves, secure in the country that belongs to their King, where all things are for their health, and where none can make them afraid. Here they wait upon the banks of the river, and see the shining ones who come to lead pilgrims to the Holy City, and prepare themselves for their turn which must soon come. And the mother, Christiana, is the first to be called; "so she came forth and entered the river," and "with a beckon of farewell" to those upon the bank, she goes to rejoin her husband.

The crippled Ready-to-halt is summoned next, "the silver cord is loosed," and "the golden bowl is broken"; he casts away the crutches he will need no more, and "the last words he was heard to say was *Welcome Life*. So he went his way."

And in their turn the pilgrims all go home, to that city which Bunyan saw, with his lifelong study of the Bible, hardly less vividly than did the

saint upon the Isle of Patmos, nearly seventeen hundred years before.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" has brought enjoyment and instruction to many, but beyond that it has probably given consolation and strength more than any book except the Bible, to weary pilgrims for many generations, who have found the way long and the struggle hard, that leads from the city of Destruction to that other city "of which our God Himself is moon and sun."

A few words must be said about "The Holy War," Bunyan's second allegory, less known, but hardly less powerful, than his "Pilgrim's Progress."

It was published in 1682, ten years after his release from prison, and between the dates of publication of the two parts of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

It resembles less his best known story, than his "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," which is the biography of a hard and worldly-minded tradesman, living in some such provincial town as Bedford must have been in Bunyan's day.

"The Holy War" deals with the scheme of the world's redemption, as illustrated in the story of the town Mansoul; its foundation by the Almighty Shaddai, its subjection by the evil Prince Diabolus,

and its final rescue by Shaddai's son, the Prince Emmanuel. The style is the same as in "The Pilgrim's Progress," the same mixture of quaint, racy phraseology, with beautiful scriptural solemnity, but in "The Holy War" there is less restraint of language, and the Puritan severity of rebuke for its enemies comes out more prominently than in the earlier book.

The story, like that of the "Pilgrim," is simple enough. The town of Mansoul is built by Shaddai "for his own delight," "a fair and delicate town," in the "gallant country of *Mansoul*." The town had five gates, and "the names of the gates were these: *Ear-gate*, *Eye-gate*, *Mouth-gate*, *Nose-gate*, and *Feel-gate*." Such was the happy state of the town in its early days that "there was not a rascal, rogue, or traitorous person then within its walls: they were all true men, and fast joined together."

Then comes Diabolus, a mighty giant, and takes the town; and all within it is changed.

The good and just officers whom the Almighty King had placed for the safeguard of the city are removed, and evil men are put in their places; sin and misery fill the town, so that it is no more like the fair Mansoul of its foundation, but has become the home of all that is evil.

The image of Shaddai is broken down, and that

of Diabolus set up instead. Lord Will-be-will rules the town, and his deputy, Mr. Affection, has his name changed to Vile-affection, and he marries so bad a wife that their sons are called Impudent Black-mouth, and Hate-reproof. "These three were black boys. And besides these they had three daughters, as *Scorn-truth*, and *Slight-God*, and the name of the youngest was *Revenge*. These were all married in the town, and also begot and yielded many bad brats."

The inhabitants of Mansoul become more and more wretched under the dominion of Diabolus and his officers, and at last word is sent to the Founder of the city, to ask help in their need; and the Son of God, Emmanuel the Prince, offers to come down and save His people from their sins.

So King Shaddai sends forth a mighty army to take possession of the city, and first the inhabitants are called to hear their Lord's message by the trumpeter Take-heed-what-you-hear, who stands at the entrance to Ear-gate.

But the rulers of Mansoul will not listen, they have prepared their men, by armour of their own devising, to resist the attack, and so the siege begins.

There is constant dissension within the city

itself, where good Mr. Conscience, and my Lord Understanding, do their best against the wicked Diabolonians. In one dispute "they passed from words to blows, and now there were knocks on both sides. The good old gentleman, *Mr. Conscience*, was knocked down twice, . . . and old *Mr. Prejudice* was kicked and tumbled about in the dirt; . . . and . . . he had, by some of the *Lord Understanding's* party, his crown soundly cracked to boot. *Mr. Anything* also, he became a brisk man in the broil."

So the siege continues, until Emmanuel himself comes to aid His captains. His power none can resist, His soldiers are victorious, He enters Mansoul, He "leads captivity captive," and rides through the city with Diabolus chained at His chariot wheels.

The Diabolonians within the town who have resisted Emmanuel's power, much fear His vengeance upon them now; they humbly ask His pardon, by Mr. Would-live and Mr. Wet-eyes, and they tremble when they hear that they are to be brought to trial. But Emmanuel freely forgives all who repent. He "stripped the prisoners of their mourning weeds, and gave them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." A public pardon is pro-

claimed for all, and the Prince promises to come Himself and dwell within the city.

From time to time Diabolus makes attempts to win back Mansoul, and evil souls in the town try to help him. At one time he leads an assault in person, and "he called for his drummer, who beat up for his men (and while he did beat, *Mansoul* did shake) to be in readiness to give battle to the corporation. Then *Diabolus* drew near with his army, and thus disposed of his men. *Captain Cruel* and *Captain Torment*, these he drew up and placed against *Feel-gate*, and commanded them to sit down there for the war. And he also appointed that, if need were, *Captain No-ease* should come in to their relief. At *Nose-gate* he placed the *Captain Brimstone* and *Captain Sepulchre*, and bid them look well to their ward, on that side of the town of *Mansoul*. But at *Eye-gate* he placed that grim-faced one, the *Captain Past-hope*, and there also now did he set up his terrible standard."

But well as Diabolus had planned his attack, One stronger than he was now within the city, so his efforts could prevail nothing.

Emmanuel's officers, clad in silver armour, fought until the Doubters were slain outright, "so the next day *Mansoul* rested, and commanded that the bells should be rung." One more fight there is, when old

Captain Experience comes forth upon his crutches, crying, "Shall I lie here, when my brethren are in the fight!" And the Diabolonians fear when they see the spirit of those "who will fight us upon their crutches."

Then the last and fiercest battle is fought, and the victory is won by Emmanuel, and "His noble *Captain Credence*," aided by "the stout young *Captain Self-denial*," who behaves himself so valiantly in the fight that afterwards "he is made a lord in *Mansoul*."

"And now did *Mansoul* arrive to some good degree of peace and quiet," for their foes are slain, and their Prince is with them, and He will keep them in safety. And the story ends with His beautiful and loving address to His people: "O my *Mansoul*, I have lived, I have died. I live, and will die no more for thee. I live that thou mayest not die. . . . Nothing can hurt thee but sin; nothing can grieve thee but sin; nothing can make thee base before thy foes but sin; take heed of sin, my *Mansoul*. . . . As I have, therefore, taught thee to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war against thy foes; so now I command thee to believe that my love is constant to thee. O my *Mansoul*, how have I set my heart, my love upon thee! Watch. Behold, I lay no other burden

upon thee than what thou hast already. Hold fast, till I come."

Surely such allegories as these need no criticism; they tell their own tale, and teach their own lesson. They were written in prison, or in poverty, by a homely country tinker, but they have spoken, and will speak to every age of men and women in England, of that spirit of true Purity which Bunyan preached beyond all other Puritans.

CHAPTER VIII

JEREMY TAYLOR, BAXTER, AND FOX

THE war between Charles I. and his Parliament was essentially a war of religion, and its progress encouraged and stimulated religious thinkers on both sides. And when the war itself was over, men continued to give their minds to the study of the burning theological questions for which many of their kindred had given their lives.

Among such men in the Church of England none was more earnest than Jeremy Taylor, and no man has left more noble work behind him in his books of devotions, which are still used in the households of most English Churchmen. Baxter was prominent as the leader of the Independents, and Fox as the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they were generally called.

Jeremy Taylor came from Cromwell's country. He was born in 1613 in Cambridge, where his father, Nathaniel Taylor, was a barber, and where it was easy to give the boy a good education. He

was sent to the Perse School when he was six years old, and thence, as a sizar, he went to Gonville and Caius College at the age of thirteen. This age was young to enter a college, but Jeremy Taylor showed a great aptitude for learning, and an unusual docility and sweetness of disposition from his earliest days, so that it was said, "Had he lived among the ancient pagans, he had been ushered into the world with a miracle, and swans must have danced and sung at his birth." So precocious was he that he was ordained before the canonical age of twenty-three; and in 1634, the year after his ordination, he preached for a friend several times in St. Paul's Cathedral. Men flocked to hear the young scholar from Cambridge, who, "by his florid and youthful beauty, and sweet and pleasant air, and sublime and raised discourses, made his hearers take him for some young angel newly descended from the visions of glory."

It was this "sweet and pleasant air" which was Taylor's characteristic throughout his life—the charm of a beautiful and innocent soul, filled with love to God and man, which breathed in his words and illuminated his face as he spoke.

His was not a nature framed for warfare; the religious controversy of the day did not appeal to him: he was reserved, and almost timid. He

would have been happiest in a peaceful monastic or collegiate life, where he would have had leisure for more outpourings of a spiritual nature, such as have kept his memory green in the "Holy Living and Dying." It seems a strange irony of Fate that set him, after a patient endurance of the stormy years of Civil War, to end his days and break his heart in that constant hotbed of religious controversy, the province of Ulster.

His early promotion came through the notice of Laud, who saw in him just such a devout son of the Church as she most needed. Laud procured for the young divine, though a Cambridge man, a fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford, where the Archbishop was Visitor. Jeremy Taylor therefore imbibed the ecclesiastical training of Oxford, such as Laud and his party had made it, and here he must have spent some happy years, discussing questions of theology with kindred spirits in college quadrangle and garden, meditating on his future writings by the banks of the Cherwell, where so many in different ages have pondered the same questions.

His universal popularity continued. At All Souls "love and admiration still waited upon him," and he was known to all by his "extraordinary worth and sweetness."

Laud watched his young disciple with interest; he made him his private chaplain, and in 1638 he gave him the important living of Uppingham.

The change from the constant "disputations," which made up a great part of the academical life of Oxford, to the quiet country routine in Rutlandshire must have been pleasant enough to Taylor's peace-loving nature.

Here on May 27th, 1639, a little more than a year after leaving Oxford, he married Phœbe Langsdale, the sister of an old Cambridge friend, and by her he had several children.

He must have made an ideal country parson, giving his flock wise counsel and loving guidance, and keeping out of his sermons and his instructions just that bitter note of controversy which spoiled so much of the religious teaching of that time. But these peaceful days were of short duration. In 1641 came the downfall of Laud; he was impeached and imprisoned, and much of his work undone, and the incumbent of Uppingham wrote in dismay, "I am robbed of that which once did bless me."

Taylor had been a saintly, loyal follower of those heads of the Church in which he believed. He had not foreseen the terrible strain to which they were putting that Church's authority, and

when the crash came he seems to have been utterly unprepared. But he did not waver as to his conduct. He was Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King at the beginning of the war, he was probably with him when the standard was raised at Nottingham, and as a Royalist he lived and died.

In February 1645 he was taken prisoner at Cardigan Castle, where he was with the Royal army which was trying to relieve the place, and hence he evidently escaped to the safe shelter which was to be his happiest home—Golden Grove, the Welsh seat of the second Earl of Carbery. His own words describe his feelings at the shattering of all those things in which he had trusted.

"In this great storm which hath dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces I have been cast upon the coast of Wales, and in a little boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England in a greater I could not hope for. . . . And here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of His waves, and the madness of His people had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all

the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends or the gentleness or mercies of a noble enemy."

In Lord and Lady Carbery Jeremy Taylor found good friends, and at their home in South Wales, as their private chaplain, he spent the next eight or nine years of his life.

He had an old Oxford friend, William Wyatt, who kept a school in the neighbourhood at Newton Hall, in the valley of Carmarthenshire, and Taylor assisted him and Dr. Nicholson in training the youths, chiefly sons of Royalists, who were confided to their care.

So, between scholastic work and the duties of his chaplaincy, his time was well occupied, and he now had also leisure for the literary and devotional works by which his name is remembered.

His "Liberty of Prophesying," which was written about this time, is an earnest appeal for toleration, the one virtue omitted at the time by all forms of religion. "In this world," he says, "we believe in part and prophesy in part, and this imperfection shall never be done away till we be transplanted to a more glorious state. Either, then, we must throw our chances and get truth by accident or predestination, or else we must lie safe in a mutual

toleration and private liberty of persuasion, unless some other anchor can be thought upon where we may fasten our floating vessels and ride safely." The idea of such toleration was wholly novel, but inculcated with such persuasive force, and impressed year by year by the saintly Jeremy Taylor, it began to take root in those for whom he wrote.

As time went on, religious differences ceased gradually to be visited with bitter persecution, but his had been the first voice—and that, like Moses, the voice of a timid man—which had dared to make itself heard above the strife of contending Christians, to urge "the unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith, and the iniquity of persecuting differing opinions."

The book received much adverse criticism at the time. Even the captive King, whom no sufferings could bring to a wider range of mental vision, severely blamed Taylor's idea of a free conscience, and ordered one of his chaplains to remonstrate with him on such unorthodox views.

But no remonstrances troubled for long these quiet studious years at Golden Grove; and Taylor's next work was his "Great Exemplar," in which he seeks to bring men to lead loving Christlike lives by a vivid and glorious narrative of Christ's life on earth, without any of the controversial passages

which abound in all other religious books of the day. "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh"; this is the idea of the work, to live a glorified life by the constant dwelling on the glory of the earthly days of the Great Exemplar.

His next two works were those by which his name is best remembered, his "Rule and Exercises of Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." Although they contain more minute heart-searchings on certain points than would now be deemed quite wholesome, yet as books of devotion they have still few rivals. His language is simple and beautiful, his teaching plain, his ideals lofty, and nowhere are there to be found more appropriate prayers for special times and persons than in these manuals.

Take one instance, in the tiny prayer "For our Children." How could it be improved, though pages were added to it?

"Bless my children with healthful bodies, with good understandings, with the graces and gifts of Thy Spirit, with sweet dispositions and holy habits; and sanctify them throughout in their bodies, and souls, and spirits, and keep them unblamable to the coming of the Lord Jesus. Amen."

Specially beautiful too is his "Prayer for holy

intention in the beginning and pursuit of any considerable action, as study, preaching," &c., though it is too long to quote in full. "Let no pride," he says, "or self-seeking, no covetousness or revenge, no impure mixture or unhandsome purposes, no little ends and low imaginations pollute my spirit and unhallow any of my words and actions; but let my body be a servant of my spirit, and both body and spirit servants of Jesus."

In the fourth section, "On Humility," we see Taylor's own nature revealed perhaps more plainly than in any other part of the book, his gentle reserve and the lowliness of mind which bordered at times on timidity, and which made him peculiarly ill adapted to cope with the fierce Ulster Presbyterians among whom his later days were passed.

"The Holy Dying" is more beautiful in its literary form, and more vivid in its intense spiritual appreciation of the unseen world, than the earlier work. It would be strange if this were otherwise, for, between the time of writing the two parts, Taylor had twice to mourn the loss of one very dear to him. Within a few months died his own wife, and the kindly, gracious wife of his patron Lord Carbery, whose friendship had been one of the greatest comforts of his life at Golden Grove.

It is a proof of his power to turn earthly loss to gain that, beside those two new-made graves, he could write in such a lofty strain as this:—

"If thou wilt be fearless of death endeavour to be in love with the felicities of saints and angels, and be once persuaded to believe that there is a condition of living better than this; that there are creatures more noble than we; that above there is a country better than ours; that the inhabitants know more and know better, and are in places of rest and desire; and first learn to value it, and then learn to purchase it, and death cannot be a formidable thing, which lets us into so much joy and so much felicity."

The same spirit of lofty resignation and clear spiritual insight runs through the whole work, which contains passages fitted to comfort and sustain the passing soul at each stage of its journey, and many beautiful prayers to be used privately, or by the minister, at the visitation of the sick.

This is Jeremy Taylor's best known work, and in it he rises to his highest level of spiritual exaltation.

But the end of these quiet years at Golden Grove was drawing near, and the time approaching which would see Taylor back again in the strain and stress of the active world, for which his peaceful retirement had ill-fitted him.

He published several other religious works before leaving his Welsh home, among others two volumes of "Sermons" and a number of hymns; the hymns have not much beyond his name to recommend them, but the sermons contain some of his best work.

And so, after these restful years in the beautiful Welsh scenery, Jeremy Taylor went back into the life of London, where he found things very different from what he had once known them. Strafford, whom he had admired, and Laud, whom he had reverenced and loved, lay each in a traitor's grave, the King himself slept in St. George's Chapel, and England was ruled by the iron hand of Oliver Cromwell.

The Church, as Taylor knew it, had but little open existence. There was only one pulpit in London, that of St. Gregory's, near St. Paul's, where Anglican preachers were tolerated; and it was while filling this pulpit that Taylor became known to John Evelyn, the writer of the famous "Diary."

Evelyn was a warm admirer of the great preacher, and a good friend to him at a time when friends were badly needed; for Taylor's writings were so entirely out of keeping with the taste of those in authority that they gained him

great unpopularity, and constant adverse criticism. He was very poor, too; and though his second wife, Joanna Bridges, whom he married about this time, had private means, he still seemed to feel the pinch of poverty so heavily that he was thankful to accept private help from Evelyn and a few other wealthy Royalists.

His one secular work, "The Discourse on Friendship," published in 1657, may have been suggested partly by his gratitude to these faithful friends. "I will love a worthy friend," he says, "that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more." And again: "I choose this man to be my friend, because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows. He is pleasant to me in private and useful in public. He will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me. . . . Nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others. Society and accidents, parity of fortune and equal dispositions do actuate our friendships; which of themselves, and in their prime disposition, are prepared for all mankind according as any one can receive them."

Taylor's life was now an anxious one. His writings had brought him under the notice of the Parliamentary party, and had more than once

caused him to be imprisoned, and he occupied in London the position of minister to devout Churchmen, whom in times of sickness and sorrow he frequently had to visit in secret. This to a man of his natural timidity must have been anxious and nervous work, but he never seemed to fail in the performance of his duties.

It was in 1658, after several refusals, that he at last accepted Lord Conway's invitation to become assistant lecturer at Lisburn, near Belfast. The Anglican Church flourished but feebly among the Presbyterians in the north of Ireland, and Lord Conway's hope was to strengthen it by bringing over to work in its midst the most notable High Churchman of the time. Gladly did Lord Conway welcome the saintly divine, with his family, and give him a home in his own Castle of Portmore, near the shores of Lough Neagh. But the task projected was beyond Taylor's power—the bitter, rugged opposition was to prove too hard for him ; perhaps the instrument chosen was of too delicate a make to bear the strain of the work. Whatever the reason was, the task was left unfinished, and the slender thread of Taylor's life was snapped in the struggle. He never felt at home in Ulster ; the atmosphere of hostility which his views and writings excited among the Presbyterian ministers seemed to chill

and embitter him, and to draw from him more severe censures than he would himself have approved in his earlier days. To use a homely metaphor, he seemed at this period "to fall between two stools." His views were too advanced to be tolerated in Ulster, and yet his want of success there caused him to be unpopular with the authorities in England. Besides this, his great book on Conscience, "Ductor Dubitantium," gave great offence, and stood in the way of his receiving promotion in England.

Instead of returning to England, according to his wish, he was advanced in the Irish Church, with the difficulties of which he was ill-fitted to cope. Shortly after the Restoration he was appointed Vice-Chancellor to the University of Dublin, this making the third university at which he had been honoured, and was nominated to the vacant bishopric of Down and Connor. How ill he and the post suited one another may be gathered from his report of the reception of his overtures to some of the Presbyterian clergy in his diocese.

"They threaten to murder me," he writes. "They use all the arts they can to disgrace me, and to take the people's hearts from me, and to make my life uncomfortable and useless to the

service of his Majesty and the Church. . . . It were better for me to be a poor curate in a village church than a bishop over such intolerable persons, and I will petition your Excellence to give me some parsonage in Munster, that I may end my days in peace, rather than abide here, unless I may be enabled with comfort to contest against such violent persons. . . . My charge hath in it more trouble than all the dioceses in his Majesty's dominions put together."

A sad report of his charge to come from the pen of a Bishop, but one hardly to be wondered at by those who understand both Jeremy Taylor and the Presbyterianism of Ulster. The two were too far apart to have any meeting ground. No doubt, in his fervent High Churchmanship, he was quite as "intolerable a person" to them as they to him, though he may have been less "violent."

He begged constantly to be removed to a more congenial sphere, but he begged in vain. "Accordingly," as Mr. Gosse says, "he took what heart he could, but he had no peace or happiness all the time that he was bishop in Down; and there can be no question that the constant friction with his Presbyterian neighbours, and those 'insufferable discouragements' of which he never

ceased to complain, paralysed his usefulness and shortened his life."

His most congenial work was in Dublin, where he preached on special occasions, and where he had many friends and admirers. He rebuilt the cathedral of Dromore, which see is now merged, as of old, in that of Down and Connor ; and he built the little church near Moira in County Antrim, which has lately been restored and reconsecrated. He continued his religious writings, and he gave frequent addresses to his clergy, urging them to gentle kindly dealings with their congregations, and to a strict adherence to the ritual of the Anglican Church.

Private grief hastened his end. He had only one son now living, who fell ill of consumption, and died in London in July 1667, and this blow seemed to take from the bishop what energy he had left. He had no strength to battle with the fever which he caught while visiting a sick man in Lisburn ; his earthly hopes had faded, his children were dead, and he was far from the English friends for whose companionship his faithful loving nature had never ceased to yearn. His work lay in a field of controversy such as had ever been most distasteful to him, and which tended to embitter his kindly soul ; so, for the

ten days that he lay fever-stricken on his bed, his thoughts, doubtless, were chiefly those of solemn joy at the exchange of his earthly ministry for the rest beyond the grave. His life had been one long preparation for a "holy dying," and in quiet confidence he waited for release.

His earlier words may have been in his mind at the end: "We must carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance."

So the pure bright spirit of Jeremy Taylor passed away, and he was buried in the little cathedral at Dromore, which he had built, and where he had asked to be laid; and so at last he had the rest for which he had vainly craved on earth.

His lifelong friend Bishop Rust thus speaks of him: "He is fixed in an orb of glory, and shines among his brethren-stars, that in their several ages gave light to the world and turned many souls unto righteousness, and we that are left behind, though we can never reach his perfections, must study to imitate his virtues, that we may at last come to sit at his feet in the mansions of glory."

Two other religious teachers of those stormy times who maintained their beliefs, though differing widely in doctrine from Jeremy Taylor's with his steady consistency, were the great Presbyterian leader Richard Baxter, and George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends.

Fox, like Bunyan, was full of religious thoughts and fancies even as a child. His father was a weaver at Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, and so devout a man that his neighbours called him "Righteous Christie."

George Fox was born in 1624 and died in 1691, the same year as Baxter, who was born in 1615, two years later than Jeremy Taylor. When about twenty Fox felt himself called to live apart from his fellows, and to ponder on religious subjects until his own convictions became clear.

When much troubled by doubts and difficulties he sought aid from various clergymen in the neighbourhood, but his choice in the matter of spiritual advisers seems to have been unfortunate. One cheery parson advised him to settle his doubts by the help of tobacco and psalm-singing; and another, who interviewed him in the rectory garden, was so angry with Fox for stepping on some of his cherished flower-beds, that he broke off the discussion and retired in a violent passion.

However, without external aid he wrestled with his difficulties, and conquered them, so that he gradually formulated a set of religious rules by which he and his followers were guided.

Their first tenet of faith was that religion was an affair only between God and the individual soul, so that no forms, no ceremonies, no liturgy, and no ministry were needed. At their meetings all sat in silence, until the Spirit moved any among them to speak before the Lord. One great reason for their persecution by others was the absence of any ceremony in their marriages, which, according to their enemies, rendered Quaker marriages invalid. They also maintained the strict equality of persons, and declined to use any terms of respect or reverence. Their dress was of the plainest—sober dove-coloured dresses, with white kerchiefs, for the women; and for the men, plain leather garments and high felt hats.

In his own narrative Fox writes: "Moreover, when the Lord sent me into the world, He forbad me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. And as I travelled up and down I was not to bid good-morrow or good-evening, neither might I bow or scrape with my leg to any one;

this made the sects and professions rage." This is hardly to be wondered at, especially in an age which set far more store than the present by marks of deference and respect. So unpopular were these innovations in manners that Fox goes on to describe the "great rage, blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments" with which they were received. The denouncing of sin, in whatever form he beheld it, was another of Fox's tenets, and one which often led him into difficulties. "I was sorely exercised," he writes, "in going to the courts, to cry for justice, in speaking and writing to judges and justices to do justly; in warning such as kept public houses of entertainment that they should not let people have more drink than would do them good; in testifying against wakes, feasts, May-games, sports, plays, and shows, which trained people up to vanity and looseness, and led them from the fear of God, and the days set forth for holy-days were usually times wherein they most dishonoured God by these things." This, of course, is an allusion to Laud's "Book of Sports," revived from James I.'s proclamation in 1618, which enjoined Sunday games outside the hours of divine service.

But such was Fox's earnestness, and his power of impressing men with his own beliefs, that his

followers grew continually in numbers in spite of the hard usage their conduct often brought upon them. He and other Quaker preachers bowed to no authority. When imprisoned for illegal preaching they declined to give any promises as to abstaining from the same in future, and the consequence was that Fox himself endured many terms of imprisonment, during some of which he was severely handled. He travelled about the country, through Cornwall and Somersetshire, to Scotland, and afterwards to the West Indies and to America, to visit and strengthen in their faith the believers in his form of religion. From Cromwell he received kindly words more than once; for earnestness and simplicity, both of which Fox possessed, were two sure passports to the favour of the Protector. It was shortly before Cromwell's death that they met for the last time. Fox was anxious to get some promise of toleration for the Quakers, so that they might be allowed to hold their meetings without being dispersed by the police; and he went down to Hampton Court, where the Protector was staying, and had an interview with him there. He thus describes the scene: "I met him riding in the Park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition)

of death go forth against him ; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came he was sick, and one Harvey, who waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing I should speak to him. So I passed away, and never saw him more."

This is one of many instances when Fox claimed to be gifted with prophetic foresight, for at this time the "waft of death" was very near the great Protector. Fox's wife, Margaret Fell, whom he married according to the Quaker custom by solemnly taking her to be his wife in the presence of a number of Friends, was also a preacher. She was older than her husband by fifteen years, and was fifty-four at the time of their marriage.

In spite of persecution the Quakers grew and multiplied. During the reign of Charles II. they had to endure many hardships and imprisonments, and it was not till the beginning of James II.'s reign that they were granted freedom of worship in England. James, being a Roman Catholic, sought to benefit those of his own faith, and he could

only do so by a Declaration of Indulgence, which included alike Nonconformists and Roman Catholics; and this declaration released from prison over a thousand Quakers. Fox did not live many years after its publication; he died at the age of sixty-six, on November 13th, 1690: as his friend William Penn writes, "In a heavenly frame of mind . . . he quietly departed this life in peace."

In appearance he is described as large and stout, with placid face, and keen grey eyes; grave and courteous in manners and conversation, a simple forcible speaker, of little education, but honest and benevolent, and according to the chief article of faith in the peace-loving Quakers, "civil beyond the common forms."

A very different man was the Presbyterian minister Richard Baxter, who, until the "Act of Uniformity" in 1662, worked with honour and success in the parish church of Kidderminster. Then, together with hundreds of other godly and hardworking parsons, he had to leave his cure, and support himself by writing, and any other means he could devise.

He was a most industrious writer of religious books, but he hardly gave enough thought or care to the preparation of each, so that few of his

works are really good specimens of the literature of the time. His book on "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" is the best known, and probably the most studied of his works ; but, of the hundred and sixty-eight volumes which he published at different times, his wife's opinion may have been correct that he "had done better to have written fewer books, and to have done those few better." In the beginning of his "Apology for the Nonconformist Ministry," he puts a note to this effect: "Reader, I have not time to gather the errata of the Press," which is characteristic of his haste in writing. But in character he was a noble and consistent example of a Nonconformist of his day. Strictly speaking he belonged to no party, being moderate in his views, charitable to others, and anxious to heal differences rather than to make them more pronounced.

He laboured during a long life, by preaching and by writing, to bring greater charity into the uncharitable Christianity of the time ; and though racked by constant suffering from an incurable disease, and often in prison, and in dire poverty, he never gave up his task of urging the right of free worship for all men. He had a noble helper in his wife, Margaret Charlton, who had left a comfortable home in a higher rank than his for a

love which lasted her lifetime. She was twenty years his junior, fair and gentle, and with all that could please a maiden of high degree ready to her hand; but she forsook all to become the wife of the elderly, delicate, and unpopular minister, and to pour upon his hard life such a wealth of love and care as blesses the lot of few upon earth. She gave her money gladly to keep him from dependence on others; when he was imprisoned she followed him cheerfully to the common gaol; she was his loving companion through many evil days, until the strain proved too much for her delicate nature, and the constant sight of his sufferings wore out her strength. Her mind, Baxter writes, was "like the treble strings of a lute, strained up to the highest, sweet, but in continual danger." While she lived her loving devotion softened all trials for him, and she had her reward in the faithful love and trust of her great husband.

"Dear heart," he wrote to her, not long before her death, "the time of our mutual help is short; oh let us use it accordingly. But the time of our reaping the fruit of this and all holy endeavours and preparatory mercies will be endless. . . . The Lord forgive my great unprofitableness, and the sin that brought me under any disabilities to

answer your earnest and honest desire of greater help than I afford you, and help me yet to amend it towards you. But though my soul be faulty and dull, and my strength of nature fail, be sure that He will be a thousand-fold better to thee, even here, than such crooked, feeble, useless things as is thy R. B."

This faithful wife was taken from him in the year 1681, and the last nine years of his life were unlighted by the soft glow of her devotion.

He might have had worldly advancement had he been willing to sacrifice his convictions; but, just as he refused compliance in 1662 with the "Act of Uniformity," which compelled all ministers to use and subscribe to the prayer-book, and to be ordained by a bishop, so when five-and-twenty years later James II. sought to aid the Roman Catholics by publishing the "Act of Indulgence" for them and Protestant Nonconformists alike, Baxter refused to join with the Roman Catholics in a position which would have weakened the English Church.

He stood alone throughout his life, a brave patient champion of moderate worship, unable because of the constant changes in high places to do all of which he was capable, but never relaxing his efforts, until death claimed him after a hard life of seventy-five years.

He had been severe in his writings, especially in his later days, towards his opponents, but of this he repented before his death. "Every sour or cross provoking word which I gave them maketh me almost unreconcilable with myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged, to forgive them in the hurry of their passion." Of his keen language in controversy he writes: "I repent of it, and wish all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and ask forgiveness of God and man."

His happiest years had been spent as incumbent of the parish church of Kidderminster, and it is right that his statue should now stand there, outside the churchyard, at the head of the long steep street up which he climbed so often to preach the word of God.

CHAPTER IX

GEORGE HERBERT, AND LORD FALKLAND

THERE were no years in the history of England which produced so great a number of religious thinkers as the troubled times between the reigns of James I. and James II.

In Laud we have the great Archbishop of the Anglican Church: in Bunyan, one whose spiritual insight lifted him above all forms and ceremonies into the pure heavenly atmosphere of his own *Delectable Mountains:* in Juxon and Jeremy Taylor we have an English and an Irish Bishop, each struggling honestly with the difficulties that beset his position: Fox represents the enthusiastic founder of a new sect, seeking after righteousness, and Baxter the wise and noble leader of the moderate Presbyterians. But the picture of the clergy of the day would be incomplete without one more figure, that of the ideal country parson, as he would love to be remembered, the "holy George Herbert."

There was nothing in the circumstances of his birth to foreshadow what his life would be. He

was the son of noble parents, Sir Richard and Lady Herbert, and was born on the 3rd of April 1593, in Montgomery Castle, Shropshire.

He had three sisters and six brothers, of whom the eldest was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and George himself was the fifth son. His father died when he was only four years old, but his wise and gracious mother did all in her power to supply the place of both parents to her children; and there seemed a special bond of sympathy and affection between her and the little son George, who spent his childhood "in sweet content," according to Izaak Walton, "under the eye and care of his prudent mother."

He, and two of his brothers, learned with the family chaplain in their early days, according to the fashion of the time in noble households, and when he was twelve years old he was sent to Westminster School. There his unusual charm of nature and disposition was at once perceived, and "the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him."

This "care of heaven" never left him, from the days of his blameless boyhood through the tempta-

GEORGE HERBERT.

From an engraving in the original edition of "The Temple."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
X L

tions of his college career, and to the end of his short earthly life he seemed surrounded by a pure atmosphere of heavenly radiance which no worldly sin could dim, and which attracted all men to him by its beauty.

As a king's scholar from Westminster, he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and passed through the academical curriculum with unusual speed, owing to his ability and diligence, and he was elected when only twenty-six Public Orator to the University.

George Herbert's mother had always wished that her gifted son should take Holy Orders, but for a time his mind rather inclined him to the life of a courtier. His learning was much appreciated by the scholarly if pedantic James I., and Herbert's youthful days saw him clad in all the bravery of velvet coat, silk stockings, and gilded sword, a partaker of the gay and busy life of London.

But he did not long debate as to his future career; with the death of King James he seemed to make up his mind to quit the life of the world and to give himself to the work of the ministry.

He had one enemy alone, against whom he fought bravely, but who put ever growing obstacles in his path of usefulness, and this was the terrible

foe consumption. Perhaps the bright serenity of his character owed something to the form his weakness took, for there is a certain sweet liveliness which seems to be granted specially to those stricken with consumption, and which seems only to grow brighter as they lose their bodily strength.

But by giving himself a rest and holiday in the house of his friend Lord Danvers, Herbert grew so much stronger for a time that he resolved upon two important steps, one that of taking Holy Orders, and the other that of marriage.

There is something hardly ordinary in his method of wedding. He had a friend, Mr. Danvers, brother of Lord Danvers, with whom he stayed often, and "who loved Mr. Herbert so very much that he allowed him such an apartment as might best suit with his accommodation and liking." This Mr. Danvers was the father of nine daughters, for one of whom he desired George Herbert as a husband. He openly discussed the matter, both with his friends and with the young ladies themselves, desiring most of all that he should marry Jane, "because Jane was his beloved daughter."

It was somewhat sad that, when the marriage did take place, neither the father of the bride nor the mother of the bridegroom were alive to witness the fulfilment of their hopes.

Jane Danvers and George Herbert had been told much about one another, and yet, unlike what usually happens in such cases, they fell in love at once when they met. So strong was their mutual attraction that, according to Izaak Walton, the lady "changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview." They lived in great comfort and happiness together; she understood her husband's nature, and shared his kindly deeds towards all the poor who came under his influence, and so blessed was their home life—although no children came to gladden it—"that," Walton says, "there never was any opposition betwixt them unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires."

It was soon after his marriage that the king presented Herbert to the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, and there the rest of his life was spent.

He had been before prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, where he had restored the ruinous little church to a state of great beauty. His mother, who was alive at the time of his going there, had endeavoured to dissuade him from such a work by the somewhat severe maternal warning, "George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to build churches."

His three years' ministry at Bemerton was like a beautiful spring day, so fair, so fresh, with such harmonies of sight and sound everywhere, and, alas! so short.

He was one of the most loving sons the Church of England ever had. He appreciated the beauty and the significance of every part of every service, and he spent his life in teaching such appreciation to the people among whom he lived.

His collection of poems, "The Temple," breathes this loving appreciation in every line, and its spirit dominated his whole life.

At his induction to Bemerton, when, according to the custom of the time, he was shut alone into the church to toll the bell, he did not reappear at the usual time. His friend, Mr. Woodnot, a wealthy and religious Londoner, peeped in at one of the church windows, and there saw him prostrate before the altar, offering up his future life to God's service, and making rules for his own conduct in the ministry upon which he was entering.

Humility was one of the virtues which he deemed specially befitting both a parson and his wife. When he had been made Rector of Bemerton, and had put off his sword and silk clothes for

the canonical coat—made by the Salisbury tailor, according to Walton, in two days—he bade his wife to take heed to her future behaviour.

"You are now," he said, "a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility." And so entirely did she follow his thought that she assured him "it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness."

It was not wonderful that such a couple were beloved in their parish; that the people of all classes came gladly to hear him read the service and preach on Sunday mornings, and again in the afternoons to those catechisings by which he set much store as a means of teaching the more ignorant among his flock: that at ten and at four on every week-day some of the surrounding gentry always joined him and his household for the daily morning and evening prayer in the little chapel beside the rectory, and that even the ploughboy in the field would rest a moment from his labour, and offer a word of prayer or praise at the sound of "holy Mr. Herbert's bell."

At that time, when we hear so much about the lax lives and ungodly behaviour of the English clergy, it is pleasant to think that one of the brightest examples the Church has had of a worthy parish priest was spending his life in showing forth the beauty of holiness, almost beneath the shadow of Salisbury Cathedral.

The rules which he had laid down for his own conduct he formed into a little book, called "The Country Parson." In it he deals with the parson's behaviour in every detail of his daily duty, *on Sundays, praying, preaching, comforting the sick, arguing, in his journey, in his mirth,* and ending with the priestly duty most congenial of all to his loving heart: *The Parson blessing the people.*

How well he understood the need of a fair example in a minister's life is shown in his words to his friend, Mr. Woodnot, on the night of his induction at Bemerton. When he has enlarged to him on the delights of God's service above that of the world, he adds: "But *above all,* I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know *we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts.*"

He did not engage in controversy; he did not go out into the world to seek for converts or to spread his views. Fortunately for him, he died before the struggle of the Civil War had darkened England, though there is no doubt that all his powers would have been devoted, had he lived, to the service of Church and king. He was only a high-born, cultivated Christian gentleman, who gave to all around him the highest form of Church teaching, such as few parish priests of his time either could or did bestow.

In his sermons, in his catechisings, and in his daily conversation, he taught the hidden meaning of every ecclesiastical form, every act of devotion, every church ornament or symbol, and the same teaching is to be found in his little book of poems, "The Temple," the work of his leisure hours at Bemerton. He showed his people the helpfulness, as well as the beauty, of the commemorative feasts and fasts of the Church year; the holy joy at the birth of the Christ-child, His manifestation to all people at the Feast of the Epiphany, the quiet sobering Fast during the forty days of Lent, ending in the solemn sacrifice of Good Friday; and then the joy of the Resurrection Morning, the uplifting of all hearts to follow the risen Lord on His Ascension Day, and the ever-fresh promise

of His consoling Spirit upon His servants which is commemorated on Whitsunday.

As he taught, so he lived, and so he guided those around him to live also.

In his sober black coat, neat and spotless in his personal adornment, he was well known in the neighbourhood as a good and cheerful companion, often to be met walking into Salisbury to enjoy the service at the cathedral. He was tall and very thin, with waving hair just resting on his shoulders, his features worn and sharpened by sufferings of which he never spoke, and with the light of heaven shining before time in his clear eyes.

One day he arrived among his friends in Salisbury with his usually spotless suit mud-stained and disordered, because on his walk he had found a poor man whose horse had fallen beneath a heavy load, and had helped him to unload the burden, and afterwards to raise the horse and reload the cart.

One of his friends, on seeing his untidy appearance, told him that "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," but he answered calmly "that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight."

Music was his great recreation, and it was to

enjoy this, both at the cathedral and among his friends, that he often walked the mile between Bemerton and Salisbury.

But his days were numbered, and soon even that mile was beyond his strength; then he had to give up the daily reading of prayers to Mr. Bostock—who was his curate at Fulston, to which Bemerton was a chapel-of-ease—for his wife saw that it was more than his failing strength could manage. Unlike most invalids, he acquiesced at once in her wish that he should give up the reading. "I will not be wilful," he said, "for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow; and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality."

And thenceforward he lay, first on his sofa and then on his bed, visited by his friends from far and near, tended with loving hands by his wife and the three orphan nieces to whom he had given a home, and showing in his death, as he had done throughout his short life, his perfect childlike trust in God.

Three weeks before the end his dear friend, Mr. Woodnot, came to him from London, and did not leave him again.

On his last Sunday one of those sudden flickers of the dying flame seemed to brighten his life's light; he rose from his bed, and took his lute in his hand, and playing upon it, he sang a verse of one of his own poems:—

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

The end was peaceful; the only distressing sound in the quiet room was the weeping of his wife and the girls, who felt that they were indeed losing a father. He begged them "to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable." So they obeyed him, and he was left with his curate and his faithful friend. To Mr. Woodnot he then delivered his will, begging him to show kindness to his wife and nieces; and then, his last earthly duty accomplished, he called on the Lord he loved to receive his soul, and so went forth to God. As Izaak Walton says: "Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples

of a virtuous life." And beautiful are the concluding words of the biographer: "I wish—if God shall be so pleased—that I may be so happy as to die like him."

One must know his life to understand his poetry, and then the one seems but a part of the other. The little book begins with "The Church Porch," where he instructs men how to behave when they come into God's house, and which breathes the true spirit of the Church's teaching:—

"When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most;
Praying's the end of preaching."

In the last two lines one sees the opposite view to that which established the Puritan Lectureships.

"Judge not the preacher,"

he goes on to say,

"Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains."

Homely lessons these on Church worship, but helpful to far more than George Herbert's village congregation.

Much of his verse has the quaint conceit of the day, in phraseology and in form. *Easter Wings*, for instance, is written in the shape of a pair of wings, and *The Altar* in that of an altar; while in the short poem *Prayer*, probably one of the best known in the book, he compares Prayer to all possible quaint likenesses, ending with the musical couplet:

> "Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
> The land of spices, something understood."

One which seems specially to speak of his own life, and his spiritual aspirations, is the poem on *Grace*, beginning—

> "My stock lies dead, and no increase
> Doth my dull husbandry improve;
> O let Thy graces, without cease
> Drop from above!
> . . . . . .
> Death is still working like a mole,
> And digs my grave at each remove;
> Let grace work too, and on my soul
> Drop from above."
> . . . . . .

And it ends:

> "O come! for Thou dost know the way.
> Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
> Remove me where I need not say—
> Drop from above."

There are beautiful lines on various of the great Feasts—Easter, Trinity, and Whitsuntide; but more beautiful than any of these is his poem on *Sunday*, from which he sang almost upon his deathbed.

Those on *Church Music*, the *Church Floor*, and the *Church Monuments* all show his minute study and intense love of the Church in which he ministered; and his longing for the true bond, to unite all within its fold, comes out in the quaint expression:

> "But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
> Ties the whole frame, is Love
> And Charity."

In the poem on *Lent* we have the virtue of abstinence, or self-denial, put in the most persuasive and gentle spirit, in two of the most beautiful verses he wrote. The poem begins:

> "Welcome, dear feast of Lent! who loves not thee,
> He loves not temperance or authority."

We can almost fancy we see the kindling eyes of the poet-parson lighting up the worn face, as his failing voice utters the words:

> "'Tis true we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
> Yet to go part of that religious way
> Is better than to rest:
> We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
> Yet are we bid, 'Be holy e'en as He.'
> In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays."

Truly we can believe that God "took him by the hand"!

His love of the Church is expressed in the poem, *The British Church;* and there are many more, too numerous to be mentioned separately, which illustrate his lifelong love of holiness, and his insight into celestial joys even while on earth.

In spite of failing health, he could still say:

"Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more—a grateful heart
. . . . . .
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise."

In *Peace* we have one of his few narrative poems, and that on *Time* is something in the same style; and in the quaintly beautiful poem *Aaron*, we see his vision of the Priesthood in its most perfect form. The whole book is the utterance of a holy man speaking his thoughts aloud; it is essentially the poetry of a churchman written for

churchmen, unlike Bunyan's wide religious utterances that speak to all forms of Christianity alike. George Herbert was a saintly parson of the Anglican Church; as such he lived and died, and as such he wrote: and of that type we cannot have a nobler example. He lived daily in the presence of God, and his heart was attuned on earth to join the songs of heaven; and something of that sweet glad radiance he shed around him here still seems to touch us as we follow the thoughts in his poem on *Virtue:*

> "Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
> Like seasoned timber, never gives;
> But though the whole world turn to coal,
> Then chiefly lives."

No one must expect to find in George Herbert a great Church reformer or a deep theological student; work such as Bunyan's, Laud's, or Milton's was alike beyond his sphere. But as a perfect example of a parish priest, at peace with God, himself, and his people, he will surely appeal to every thoughtful lover of Church worship by the sound of "holy Mr. Herbert's bell."

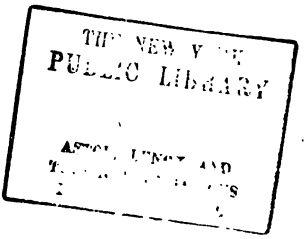
While George Herbert, the country parson, was working with the devotion of a lifetime to teach the beauty of worship in the English Church,

another good man, in a wider field of labour, was working to reconcile the doctrines of that Church with those which daily threatened to overwhelm it.

Lucius Carey, the second Viscount Falkland, has perhaps left behind him a more romantic image than that of any other in these troubled times. This is due to several causes: his noble birth, his wealth, his poetic and intellectual ability, the magnetic power he possessed of drawing round him all the choicest spirits of the day, and which left us so loving and minute a portrait of him in the works of his friend Lord Clarendon; and, perhaps above all, the fact of his early and gallant death upon the field of Newbury, before time or circumstances had robbed him of the "tender grace" of his youth. He was loved and admired by his contemporaries much as Sir Philip Sidney was in an earlier day; and, like the knight of Elizabeth's court, his early death left his memory ever unalterable. At that time, when households were sundered and lifelong friendships broken by the terrible questions of the Civil War, it was no doubt almost a relief to those who had loved Falkland best to know that what he had been to them he would always be—

LORD FALKLAND.

From the portrait in the Bodleian Library.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou
Who did'st not change through all the past,
And can'st not alter now.
The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And what were worse, thou can'st not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me."

Such, in the dark days which followed his death, must have been something of the feeling of his friends.

Lucius was the son of Sir Henry Carey, first Viscount Falkland, who was for a time Lord Deputy of Ireland.

Though born in England, in 1610, probably in the market-town of Burford, in Oxfordshire, Lucius was educated chiefly in Ireland, where his father went when he was twelve years old.

He entered Trinity College, Dublin, where, as Clarendon with a touch of insular prejudice expresses it, "He learned all those exercises and languages better than most men do in more celebrated places; insomuch as when he came into England, which was when he was about the age of eighteen years, he was not only master of the Latin tongue, and had read all the poets, and other of the best authors with notable judgment for that age, but he understood, and spake, and

writ French, as if he had spent many years in France."

In Trinity, which had been founded by Queen Elizabeth as an essentially Protestant seat of learning, Lucius Carey inbibed moderate Anglican views, and possibly an antipathy to the Church of Rome. Before his father left England he seems to have entered the boy's name as a student at St. John's College, Cambridge, but nothing further appeared to come of the connection.

Lady Falkland, Lucius' mother, had been converted to Roman Catholicism by the Jesuits, and this so angered her father, Sir Lawrence Tanfield, that he left all his property to his eldest grandson, entirely ignoring his daughter. So, shortly after the youth finished his academical course, he came into possession of a goodly income, and two country houses, one at Burford and the other at Great Tew, about twelve miles from Oxford. At the age of twenty he was thus able to take his place as an independent country gentleman, and the first thing he did was to marry according to his own choice, but not according to that of his father. In Clarendon's quaint phraseology, "He could not repent, having married a lady of a most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue, and exemplary life, that the age

produced, and who brought him many hopeful children, in which he took great delight," but yet he felt so much for his father's disappointment in losing the wealthy daughter-in-law on whom he had set his heart, that he offered to give up his houses and estates to him. However, fortunately for the prospects of the "many hopeful children," this sacrifice was not accepted.

For a time he and his wife lived abroad, in Holland, where he sought the attractions of a soldier's life, so easily obtained in that country for many years past; but peace was beginning to reign there, and on the death of his father, when he succeeded to the Scotch title, he returned to England as Viscount Falkland, and retired to his home at Great Tew.

There he gathered round him the most brilliant spirits of the day, and he himself was the leader of the gifted band.

He had no personal beauty by which to attract men; he was small and ungainly, plain of face, with black eyes, and "flaggy," as Aubrey says, and "his aspect so far from inviting that it had somewhat in it of simplicity." His voice, too, was harsh, and "so untuned, that instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, so that no body would have expected musick from that tongue."

But music fell from it nevertheless, and such music as has lasted from his day to ours.

Falkland was a poet, a philosopher, and a religious thinker. Around him gathered the band of poets whom those stormy times produced—Waller, Suckling, Carew, Vaughan, and Ben Jonson; and gradually as his nature sobered, with the sobering trend of events, he added to these graver students such as Hales and Chillingworth, the last of whom wrote part of his famous book against the Church of Rome in the quiet seclusion of Falkland's country home.

Clarendon has given us a charming picture of the life there, so rural that all can have the repose they need, and yet so near the University of Oxford that "all found their lodgings there, as ready as in the colleges, nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met. Otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society."

Falkland himself was a poet, but his verses, though correct and melodious, were not equal to those of many of his poet friends; his most graceful lines perhaps are those in memory of Lady Hamilton, where he speaks of the courtiers weeping for her loss in lines which bring the river scenery of his Oxfordshire home vividly before our eyes:—

> "Now wearied with their sorrowes, and their way
> Neere the fresh bankes of silver Thames they lay,
> And wept soe fast as if they meant to try
> To weepe a floud like that they wept it by,
> Whose faces, bow'd, and bright, and moist, did shew
> Like lillies loaded with the morning dew."

But it is not as a poet that Falkland impressed his friends or those who came after him, but as the leader of the moderate thinkers of the day.

He upheld the Anglican Church, with a clear insight into the dangers threatening it, such as was denied to the chief authorities within it.

Had Laud, or Charles himself, been able to see with Falkland's clearer vision, much trouble might have been spared.

His views seem to have been those of a modern Broad Churchman, and when the time came for men to take their stand either with Laud and

Charles or with Pym and Hampden, it was first against the King that Falkland chose his position.

He had no personal love for Charles; two such natures could have had little in common. Freedom of thought, religious liberty, and absolute sincerity, these were Falkland's aims, and very different from those which influenced the King, and which led him to his ruin.

In his seclusion at Great Tew, Falkland had devoted his time to theological studies, and had written several works upon religious subjects, so that when the question of Episcopacy came before Parliament, he brought to the discussion a mind well stored with information, as well as an intellect able to grasp the importance of the questions under debate. Before this he had obeyed the King's call to arms in the North, and he served with the Royal forces in 1639, in the short and disastrous campaign against the Scotch Church.

On his return, he took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and was present at the three weeks' session of the Short Parliament. At the end of the same year he joined Pym and Hampden in their opposition to the tax of ship-money, and at first his sympathies were with the Parliamentary party.

But in his views on Church questions he differed fundamentally from the Puritans, and when the question came to be discussed as to the abolition of the bishops, Falkland drew back among the staunch Churchmen.

Hampden blamed him as a deserter, but he defended himself by showing how wide the differences had grown since he first took a share in the debate.

His view as to the Episcopacy was that it was not a Divine institution, but one of ancient ecclesiastical establishment, and therefore one to be retained in the Church.

He gradually drew further from the Parliamentary leaders, and the King encouraged him and his friend Colepeper in their adherence to the Royal cause by offering them both public posts. Colepeper was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Falkland, after some hesitation, accepted the office of Secretary of State.

With Clarendon, Falkland, and Colepeper on his side, Charles had now his best chance of forming a national Church party, but by his fatal indecision and obstinacy he lost the opportunity, and it never recurred.

Falkland was firm in his desire to retain the bishops, although he was willing that their incomes and their temporal rights should, if

necessary, be reduced. There is a wisdom beyond that of either Laud or Pym in his words upon the subject: "Since all great mutations in government are dangerous (even where what is introduced by that mutation is such as would have been profitable upon a primary foundation), and since no wise man will undergo great danger but for great necessity, my opinion is that we should not root up this ancient tree, as dead as it appears, till we have tried whether by this or the like topping of the branches, the sap, which was unable to feed the whole, may not serve to make what is left both grow and flourish." And, in his first speech on the Episcopal question, he urges wistfully "that *bishops may be good men;* and let us give but good men good rules, we shall have both good governors and good times."

But the good times were not for him. He had hoped to reconcile the two parties, and by his moderation to serve as a link between them, but instead of this being the case he saw the parties separating further day by day, and the shadow of civil war already beginning to darken the land.

He could not bear the strain. He lacked the moral fibre which might have enabled him to fight, as did Pym and Cromwell, with head and hands and heart, all concentrated on the one

task. As the debates in Parliament became those of two hostile parties he seemed to lose his very nature, and to droop and wither as a too sensitive plant beneath the cruel blast of war.

He grew sad and pale, silent and unsociable; his very dress lost its wonted neatness, and he "grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness." Only "when there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word 'Peace, peace'; and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart."

So wrote his friend Lord Clarendon, and with only too much truth.

There is no doubt that Falkland ceased to care for life when the hope of peace was over. At the battle of Edge Hill he exposed himself with reckless gallantry, which drew forth a friendly rebuke from Clarendon, urging him "not to engage his person to those dangers which were not incumbent to him."

But the warning had no effect, and the end came at the battle of Newbury, on September the 20th, 1643.

Different tales are told of his behaviour on the morning of the fight.

Whitelock says that he "called for a clean shirt" on rising, saying that "if he were slain he should not be found in foul linen"; and that as he went forth he cried to his companions that "he was weary of the times, and foresaw much misery to his own country, and did believe he should be out of it ere night." His friend Clarendon describes him as very "cheerful" when, "as he was naturally inquisitive after danger," he "put himself into the head of Sir John Byron's regiment, which he believed was like to be in the hottest service."

But all authorities agree that he charged with his men, between two hedges lined with the musketeers of the enemy, and fell almost at once, mortally wounded in the body.

He was buried the next morning, in the churchyard at Great Tew, with such military haste that the exact spot is not known; but could a stone be placed above his broken heart it could bear no fitter inscription than the terse remark of his friend Clarendon: "He died as much of the Time as of the Bullet."

CHAPTER X

TWO PROSE WRITERS: LORD CLARENDON AND SIR THOMAS BROWNE

FALKLAND was mourned by many friends, but by none more sincerely or more faithfully than Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, the famous historian of the times in which they both lived.

The parish register of Dinton, in the county of Wiltshire, contains this entry: "The sixth year of the reign of our most gracious sovereign Lord King James, Ann. Dom. 1608. In this year, the two and twentye day of February, Henry Hide of Dinton, Gent., had a son christened named Edward." According to the present mode of dating, this is the year 1609, though the older notation was used in the parish register.

Henry Hyde was a man of some learning, and he sent his son Edward to Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where, as he tells us himself, he was regarded "rather with the opinion of a young man of

parts and pregnancy of wit, than that he had improved it much by industry." That industry for which he was renowned in his later days was evidently not acquired in the cheerful atmosphere of Magdalen Hall.

From Oxford he passed to the Middle Temple, and when he was scarcely twenty, and was on circuit with his uncle the Chief Justice, his life was nearly ended by a violent attack of small-pox at Cambridge. So severe was it that he tells us the disease "was spread all over him very furiously, and had so far prevailed over him that for some hours both his friends and physician consulted of nothing but of the place and manner of his burial." Their anticipations, however, proved mistaken; he recovered, and shortly after married, but only to lose his bride within a year by the same dread malady that had so nearly taken his own life. Three years afterwards he married again, the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, "with whom he lived very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered, for the space of five or six and thirty years." It is characteristic of Clarendon's inaccuracy in writing that he seems uncertain as to the number of years of his own married life.

His father, to whom he was devotedly attached, died soon after his second marriage, whereby he lost, as he says, "not only the best father, but the best friend, and the best companion he ever had or could have"; but he was a man of many friends throughout most of his life. Falkland was the best beloved of all, perhaps because of the vast difference between them in character and disposition, for there could be no greater contrast to the small delicate figure of the sensitive poet-theologian than the "fair, ruddy, fat, middle-statured handsome man" who "was of a very cheerful and open nature, without any dissimulation; and delivered his opinion of things or persons, where it was convenient, without reserve or disguise; and was at least tenacious enough of his opinion, and never departed from it out of compliance with any man."

They were devoted friends, and used to take their seats daily side by side in the House of Commons; so regularly that, if by chance one of them entered alone, the other members would always leave vacant the place at his side.

Edward Hyde was able and industrious; he longed for reform, and at first went with the Parliamentary party, noticeably in its condemnation of Strafford, although, unlike his friend Falk-

land, he had a strong personal attachment to the King.

But when the Church questions came under debate, Hyde could no longer side with Pym and his party; he was utterly opposed to the abolition of the bishops, and he formed with Falkland part of that band of Church and State workers who, under an abler leader than Charles I., might have done much to avert the Civil War.

He had his first interview with the King while the question of the bishops was under discussion, and Charles told him "that he had heard from all hands how much he was beholden to him; and that when all his servants in the House of Commons either neglected his service or could not appear usefully in it, he took all occasions to do him service, for which he thought fit to give him his own thanks, and to assure him that he would remember it to his advantage." And speaking of his zeal for the Church, the King said for that "he thanked him more than for all the rest." To which Hyde answered that "he was very happy that his Majesty was pleased with what he did; but if he had commanded him to have withdrawn his affection and reverence for the Church he would not have obeyed him."

He and Charles agreed well together in their honest but narrow views on Church questions, and first to the elder King Charles, and then to the younger, Edward Hyde devoted his whole energies of brain and will, and what worldly substances those rather fickle masters allowed him to accumulate. There was little to be gained by serving the King at the time he elected to do so; his service was that of an honest man, who gave his all to the party which had his sympathies, and his sound learning, legal ability, and indefatigable industry made him a valuable servant to the Royal cause.

He worked for Charles, together with his two friends Falkland and Colepeper, through the stormy scenes in Parliament which led to the war, and when the Royal Standard was raised at Nottingham he seemed to greet the opening of hostilities with his habitual cheerfulness. Sir Edmund Varney, the King's standard bearer, who was one of his many friends, told him that "he was very glad to see him, in so universal a damp, under which the spirits of most men were oppressed, retain still his natural vivacity and cheerfulness." To which Hyde answered that "he was in truth beholden to his constitution, which did not incline him to despair;

otherwise, that he had no pleasant prospect before him, but thought as ill of affairs as most men did."

At Edge Hill he did not take an active part in the fight, but had the charge of the two young princes, Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, who were aged respectively twelve and nine years.

He was now given the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and continued to hold it, in spite of being twice offered that of Secretary of State, the second time in succession to his friend Falkland, who had fallen on the field of Newbury.

He worked hard at the impossible task of trying to make Charles rule as a constitutional King, and he had his last interview with him in March, 1644, before going down into the west country as a member of the Prince of Wales' Council.

The King cautioned him as to differences which he had observed between Hyde and Colepeper, of which Hyde promised to beware in future. "With which," he says, "his Majesty appeared abundantly satisfied and pleased; and embracing him, gave him his hand to kiss. And he immediately went to horse, and followed the Prince; and this was the last time the Chancellor ever saw that gracious and excellent King."

From that time Hyde "followed the Prince" indeed; through dark days and dangers, through good report and ill, from the time of his escape out of England to Jersey, and thence to Holland, all through the poverty and hardships of the mimic court in a foreign land, to the day when he rode beside him at his triumphant return, and watched the gorgeous pageant of his coronation, and continued his Chancellor in reality as he had been for years in name. So he "followed the Prince" until he was sent forth by that very prince whose exile he had shared for so long, disgraced and humiliated before the world, to seek in vain a resting-place for his broken spirits and failing health, and to be at the last denied his dying request for leave to return and end his days at home among his own children. Such was the reward of fidelity to Charles II. There were indeed strange vicissitudes in the lives of Kings' followers at that day, but hardly any could be more marked than those in the career of Edward Hyde.

The Queen, Henrietta Maria, had always disliked him, and distrusted his influence over her husband; and after the tragedy at Whitehall her opinion was unchanged, and she did all in her power to weaken his power over her son. Charles II.

had a personal liking for his hardworking and disinterested minister, who exercised over him an authority which their relative positions would not have justified under ordinary circumstances, and who gave him many a well-deserved rebuke when his natural irritability could no longer endure the indolent selfishness of the man for whom other men fought with such disinterested devotion.

Charles had certain small allowances from foreign powers, but the poverty of the exiled English Court was excessive. "All our money is gone," writes Hyde, in August 1650, "and let me never prosper if I know or can imagine how we can get bread a month longer."

In December 1652, he writes that the King is "reduced to greater distresse than you can believe or imagyne"; and a year later he says: "I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. I am sure the King himself owes for all he hath eaten since April. . . . Five or six of us eat together one meal a day, for a pistole a week; but all of us owe, for God knows how many weeks, to the poor woman that feeds us." But still he writes bravely to Nicholas, "Keep up your spirits, and take heed of sinking under that burthen you never kneeled to take up."

But the same weary task was his for years, that

of trying to control expenses when there was little or nothing to expend, and in 1657 he wrote from Bruges: "Having looked over the state of the debts, and finding that every bit of meat, every drop of drink, all the fire, and all the candle that hath been spent, since the King's coming hither, is entirely owed for; and how to get credit for a week more is no easy matter, I would I were at Breda."

It was during this time of exile that Hyde's daughter Anne became Maid of Honour to the Princess Mary of Orange, which position led eventually to her secret marriage with the Duke of York, afterwards James II. Her father expressed great anger at her presumption, when the marriage was discovered, although it must have gratified his private ambition. So, in an industrious correspondence with friends of his exiled King, and in an earnest endeavour to keep some show of Royal state around the person of that King, Hyde spent the years until the Restoration. He was with Charles then when he landed again in his own kingdom, he attended him on his triumphal journey to London, and saw him in his splendour when the aged Juxon crowned him with the crown of the White King; and, though not unopposed, he then filled the office—of which he had hitherto borne the empty title—of Lord Chancellor.

He was created Earl of Clarendon, and was trusted and honoured by the King, but he never took any trouble to make himself popular with his contemporaries.

His hard life abroad had not taught him tolerance, especially in religious matters, and his views on Church questions were so severe that the strict laws against Nonconformists, under which Bunyan and Baxter were imprisoned, were called the Clarendon Code.

It was he who raised Jeremy Taylor to a bishopric, but he lacked the kindly breadth of view so conspicuous in most of Taylor's work.

Clarendon had been trained in a narrow school, and he grew narrower as he grew older.

The selfish irresponsibility of Charles II. left him to bear the whole odium of the failure of the Dutch War, and what the nation as a whole considered the disgraceful terms of the peace with Holland. At the same time he added to his unpopularity by his love of display, and by building himself a magnificent residence, which he called Clarendon House, during the years 1666 and 1667, while the plague and the fire were in turn devastating London.

In 1667 he lost his wife, "which," he says, "was so sudden, unexpected, and irreparable a

loss, that he had not courage to support it." And only a few days after her death the King, in selfish and indolent compliance with the wishes of Parliament, sent to demand from him the Great Seal, his sign of office.

At first he refused to give it up, or to submit to the Parliamentary accusations, but after his impeachment he seemed to lose heart, and worn in mind and body he left the country, to be followed by a public sentence of banishment. Suffering as he was from the gout, he was at first denied a resting-place by the French authorities; although, as he bitterly told them, it would need a greater power than that of the French king to make a dying man move on.

For a time he rallied his strength, and with his indomitable industry he continued his "History of the Rebellion," which he had begun in Jersey, besides writing a "Vindication" of his own conduct, and many small papers.

Shortly before his death he begged leave from the King to return home to die in peace among his children, but Charles refused to grant this last wish of the minister, who, whatever his failings, had served him with consistent faith and honesty, and had shared his exile with cheerful devotion.

He died at Rouen on December 9th, 1674, at

the age of sixty-four, and his body was brought home and buried, according to Anthony Wood, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey.

As a minister he was faithful to the Church and the Crown; honest, and of great abilities, a learned man and an indefatigable worker. But he was narrow in his views, passionate, and not far-seeing in his judgment; he was also timid at times, or perhaps indolent like his master, seeing evils clearly, but yet lacking the courage needed to stamp them out. He was a lover of learning, and promoted the establishment of the Royal Society, and to Charles II. he filled the part of tutor and governor until the time that the "Merry Monarch" felt strong enough to cast him off.

In his "History of the Rebellion" we have delightful pictures of many of his friends, and the important figures of the time. The work is not written with the attempted impartiality of the modern historian, it is less a history than a collection of materials from which history can be compiled, and such seems to have been his own idea.

He wrote to Charles I. from Jersey when he began the work: "I flatter myself with an opinion that *I am doing your Majesty some service* in this excellent island whilst I am preparing the story

of your sufferings, that posterity may tremble at the reading of what the present age blushes not to execute;" and much is owed by later writers to his minute and skilful delineations of character and his description of events.

The words in which he describes the Earl of Essex might well be applied to himself; "He was, in his friendships, just and constant, and would not have practised foully against those he took to be enemies. No man had credit enough with him to corrupt him in point of loyalty to the King, whilst he thought himself wise enough to know what treason was."

In Clarendon we have the historian of the Civil War, the man who had lived in the struggle from the beginning, and who continued in it until the end; and he has given us the picture of men and events as they appeared to an eye-witness, in a clear, forcible, and yet majestic style of English prose peculiarly his own. There could hardly have been a greater contrast than between his life and that of the second great prose writer of the day, Sir Thomas Browne.

Clarendon walked the broad highway of public life, and wrote in the midst of its turmoil; Sir Thomas Browne was content to let his genius stray in unfrequented paths, in a region which

few visit at any time, and fewer still amidst the ferment of a mighty revolution. But his life and writings are an invaluable memorial that, even in the England of the Great Rebellion, there were men who had thoughts for other things than Church government, prerogative, and taxation.

Thomas Browne was born in London, on October 19th, 1605, and was the son of a well-to-do Cheshire merchant.

He was educated at Winchester, and at Broadgate Hall, soon to become Pembroke College, Oxford, and then spent some years in foreign travel, visiting Ireland, France, Italy, and Holland, and in the last obtaining the degree of doctor of physic at Leyden.

When he returned home he practised as a doctor, first in Oxfordshire and afterwards for the rest of his life at Norwich, and there he married the daughter of Edward Mileham of Burlingham, Norfolk, "a lady," says his biographer Whitefoot, "of such symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism."

They had eleven children, of whom his correspondence preserves the memory especially of that of the two elder sons, Edward and Thomas.

Walker & Cockerell.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

From the original in the Hall of the College of Physicians.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

Edward followed his father's profession, and inherited his love of learning and his industry, though without the genius which illuminated every subject when touched on by Sir Thomas. The son wrote constantly to tell his father incidents and details likely to interest him long after he had left the old home in Norwich, and become a busy London doctor, and Censor of the College of Physicians, of which he was afterwards President; he was also one of the physicians of Charles II.

Sir Thomas' second son was his namesake, and was a gallant high-spirited lad who became a naval officer, and died young. Delightful letters passed between him and his learned father, who trusted the boy so implicitly as to send him to France alone for purposes of education when he was only fourteen.

The Norfolk doctor was an affectionate husband and father, and seemed to cultivate and to keep the sympathy and devotion of his family throughout his life, while yet pursuing his studies, and working out his fanciful problems in a beautiful shadowy world of his own.

His "*Religio Medici*," which is his best known work, was published without his own agency. He wrote it about the year 1634, not intending it for

the press, and lent it in turn to a circle of friends, through whom, after eight years, it finally strayed into the hands of the printers.

The work excited universal attention by its learning, its beauty of sentiment, and its novelty of treatment.

It opens with a confession of faith, in which he seems anxious to free himself from the charge of unbelief, which he terms "the general scandal of my profession." Outward symbols had for him a beauty of their own; he was a Royalist and a Churchman, but he was not a party man, and he was in no sense a bigot. "Holy water," he says, "and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment nor abuse my devotion at all." But yet he goes on to say, "I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour." The spirit of tolerant devotion, so seldom met with in his time, breathes in his words on the Ave-Mary bell: "I could never," he writes, "hear the Ave-Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore,

they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering my own." And of the Pope he writes: "It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the Bishop of Rome, to whom, as a temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language." He showed his unlikeness to the men of his day when he said, "I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage." And again in the beautiful words as to his own belief: "There are two books from whence I collect my divinity. Besides that written one of God, another of his servant, Nature, that universal and publick manuscript, that lies expansed into the eyes of all. Those that never saw Him in the one have discovered Him in the other."

Throughout the book the same wide views are there, so unlike those of his time that he was charged with irreligion and denial of Christ, although he says himself, "I believe He was dead and buried and rose again, and desire to see Him in His glory."

He discusses at length the question of miracles,

and of witches and supernatural visitations, in which he was always much interested, corresponding with his eldest son on the subject at various times. "That miracles have been," he says, "I do believe; that they may yet be wrought by the living I do not deny: but have no confidence in those which are fathered on the dead." He confesses to what he calls "an unhappy curiosity" for examining "the verity of Scripture by the concordance of human history," and it is upon the minute details of biblical history that his curiosity seems especially to exercise itself.

In one of his works he discusses at length the question as to the exact age of Methusaleh, and also gives an account of the fishes which abound in the Lake of Galilee, with a view to ascertaining what could have been the kind of fish of which Christ partook with His disciples after His resurrection.

Into such minute points Sir Thomas Browne's mind loved to stray, and his quiet study in the old town of Norwich forms a pleasant contrast to the poverty and exile in which Clarendon's History was produced.

The second part of the "*Religio Medici*" deals with his view of what is meant by charity. "I hold not," he says, "so narrow a conceit of this virtue

as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity." He expresses his own love and sympathy with the whole of God's creation, in joy, in grief, in life, and in death. "I never hear the toll," he says, "of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit. I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession and call unto God for his soul."

Of his own life he speaks as "a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry." So can a brilliant intellect illuminate the seemingly prosaic existence of a local doctor!

He took no part in the stirring events of the Civil War, and one of the few occasions on which his quiet life seemed to touch that of the outside world was when he received his knighthood in 1671 on Charles II.'s visit to Norwich. Evelyn, the writer of the famous Diary, was among the friends of Sir Thomas Browne, and he gives a vivid description of their first interview, and of the "house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collections, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things."

His interest in "things" was peculiar; he

recognised no distinctions between things great or small, and his fancy wove curious webs of speculative beauty around the most homely objects. Above all other characteristics he was a humourist in the truest sense of the word, as it is defined by Walter Pater: "He is one to whom all the world is but a spectacle, in which nothing is really alien from himself, who has hardly a sense of the distinction between great and little among things that are at all, and whose half-pitying, half-amused sympathy is called out especially by the seemingly small interests and traits of character in the things or the people around him."

In his book on "Vulgar Errors" he gets together and discusses at length, and with a wonderful display of learning, the most amazing collection of popular superstitions and beliefs: that crystal is really congealed ice; that a pot full of ashes can contain as much water as it would when empty; that an elephant has no joints, and is caught by felling the tree against which it rests its stiff limbs in sleep; that ostriches feed upon horseshoes; and that storks will only live in republics and free states.

In his work on "Urn-Burial" he discusses the various customs of interment among the nations of antiquity, with the minute learning and strange

mixture of dreamy faith and fantastic imagery that run through all his writings. "To live indeed," he says at the end of the book, "is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt."

He was a most industrious writer throughout his long life, and his works well repay careful study, though they cannot be fully discussed here. His style has a charm of its own, and one which left its mark upon the prose of the time at which he wrote.

And so the quiet years went by, and he passed the threescore years and ten, and saw his children's children around him.

Then in the midst of his busy life of learning he was suddenly stricken down in his seventy-seventh year, and died on his birthday, October the 19th, 1682.

His life was spent apart from that of the multitude; the blast of trumpets and the roar of cannon had no place in his quiet routine; the angry debates at Westminster, and the religious dissensions which shook England to her foundations had no power to lure him from the shadowy speculative land in which he dwelt. He might have lived in any age and belonged to none. In theology, in

art, and in philosophy he seems to stand always ready to discuss with equal impartiality and with any audience the authenticity of miracles, the comparative merits of urn-burial or churchyard monument, and such questions as the capture of a sleeping elephant, or "dreams out of the ivory gate and visions before midnight."

CHAPTER XI

THE POETS: WALLER, CAREW, HERRICK, LOVELACE, AND SUCKLING. VAUGHAN, TRAHERNE, CRASHAW, AND COWLEY

MANY singers, lyrical and religious, arose during the troubled years between the reigns of James I. and James II.

It was significant of the time that the careers of so many among them were so brief. Herbert, Crashaw, Lovelace, Suckling, and Traherne, all died before they were forty; and one cannot but wonder what wealth of lyric poetry would be ours, had the clash of arms, and the poverty of a country at war with itself, not intervened to silence many a sweet song.

The band of Court poets, as they may be called, stands prominently forth, their lives and their verses alike dedicated to the service of their King; and among them we may number Waller, Carew, Herrick, Lovelace, and Suckling. Vaughan and Traherne may be looked upon as entirely religious poets, and Crashaw as chiefly so, while Cowley stands somewhat by himself.

Edmund Waller was a Hertfordshire man, born in 1606, of an ancient and dignified family, and educated at Eton, and King's College, Cambridge.

He was wealthy, accomplished, clever, and fascinating, but of a poor, timid nature, which unfitted him to take his place in public life at the time of the Civil War.

Had his character been equal to his ability, he might have had a grand career, for he was in Parliament when only seventeen, and was so much admired there for the aptness and brilliancy of his speeches that he was called "the darling of the House of Commons."

His witty repartees were always ready, but he had no sound judgment or disinterested views with which to second his brilliant but more superficial qualities.

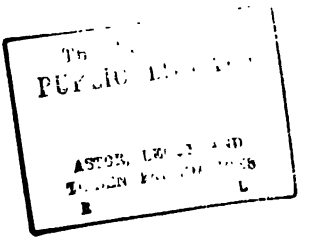
Although he was a first cousin of Hampden's, and so nearly connected with Cromwell himself, he shifted constantly between the two parties; and in 1643 he was discovered in a plot for betraying London into the hands of the King.

He was fined £10,000, imprisoned for a time in the Tower, and then banished from the country, to return amid the band of gallant soldiers, earnest Churchmen, and men of letters, who followed Charles II. to his Restoration.

Walker & Cockerell.

EDMUND WALLER.

From John Riley's painting in the National Portrait Gallery.


PUBLIC
ASTOR, LE
R
L

Waller was made Provost of Eton, where he had learned and played as a boy. He lived to see James II. ascend the throne, and died at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, at the ripe age of eighty-one.

His poetical reputation was great during his lifetime, and has varied considerably during the last two centuries.

The chief number of his poems are love verses, addressed to "Sacharissa," by which name he calls Lady Dorothy Sidney, whom he wooed unsuccessfully for some time after his wife's death, but who became the Countess of Sunderland instead of Mrs. Waller.

His last verses might well represent the farewell to earth of that eager band of Royalist poets whose lives had been passed amid such changing scenes. Waller, unlike many of them, lived long enough to view the storm and stress from the far-off heights of a calm old age.

"The seas are quiet now, the wind gives o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it is to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceals that emptiness that age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new life through chinks that Time has made;

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

Beside Waller we see the courtly figure of Thomas Carew, Sewer, or cup-bearer, to Charles I., a gentleman of the privy chamber, a friend of Clarendon, and the true poet of the courtly atmosphere in which his life was spent.

Carew was a lover of all pleasant human enjoyments; his affections were given to fair faces, sweet blossoming gardens, and good dinners, and of such he sang.

His verses were written with care, and polished with elegance; they are full of bright fancy and tender feeling, and are among the most melodious lyrics of his day.

His elegy on the accomplished poet Donne, who belonged to an earlier period, has been considered by some to be Carew's finest piece of work, and ends with what Professor Saintsbury calls the "splendid epitaph"—

"Here lies a King that ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit."

The smoothly-flowing little poem, *The Enquiry*, illustrates well the quaint, fanciful way in which the Cavalier Lyrists expressed their feeling for what they most admired:—

"Amongst the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked:
'Tell me,' said I, in deep distress,
'Where may I find my shepherdess?'

'Thou fool,' said Love, 'know'st thou not this,
In everything that's good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

'In yon enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.'

. . . . . .

'Tis true,' said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one
To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopped; said Love, 'These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
And as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
E'en in the twinkling of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together.'"

Next we have Robert Herrick, whose fame among Cavalier lyrists has exceeded that of all others, and whose sunny Devonshire parsonage forms as pleasant a picture to the mind wearied with sound of battle as does the quiet Norfolk home of Sir Thomas Browne.

Though he spent much of his life in the country, Herrick was by birth and inclination a Londoner, and his poetry contains continual comparison between the two states of existence, in which his sentiments are invariably those of Browning's Florentine compelled to dwell for economy "Up at a Villa," instead of "Down in the City."

Herrick was born in Cheapside, in 1594, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was ordained in the Church of England, in 1629, as Rector of Dean-Prior, on the southern edge of Dartmoor, and there he remained, almost without a break, until his death, in 1674, so that throughout the Civil War, like Sir Thomas Browne, "he was out of the storm." But the years he had spent as a young man in London seemed to live always in his memory as those most congenial to him; he longed always for a return to the busy life of the great town, even though his power of describing the glowing beauties of the country has never been excelled.

He returned once to London, when he wrote:

"From the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity!

. . . . . .

London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee ! "

He had been ejected from his living as a Royalist in 1647, but was restored to it in 1662, and he lived there for the remaining twelve years of his life.

In his *Ode for Ben Jonson*, we see again his wistful longing for the cheery town meetings from which he is withdrawn.

"Ah Ben !
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun ;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad ?
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine."

The country life, so inspiring and sufficient to many poets, seems in his case to sap some of his vitality. He declares, in his lines

To Sir Clipsby Crew,

"Since to the country first I came,
I have lost my former flame;
And, methinks, I not inherit,
As I did, my ravish'd spirit.
If I write a verse or two,
'Tis with very much ado."

So he speaks. We cannot agree with him when we read his fresh sweet poems of country life; there one can feel the breath of the soft west wind over the damp Devonshire soil, and smell the flowers and the hay, and hear the lowing of cattle and the song of the birds, and we feel the world would have been poorer had Robert Herrick remained a mere poet of the town. He was the sweetest singer of his time, and his free, joyous descriptions of West Country life, its "green rushes . . . with cooler oaken boughs," its ceremonies for Candlemas Eve and St. Distaff's Day, and its *Fairies* which

> "Set each platter in his place;
> Rake the fire up, and get
> Water in, ere sun be set,"

show us a world pleasant alike to the eye and ear, and hardly less real than that which echoed to the tramp of Rupert's horsemen, or to the ringing words of Cromwell's speeches.

In the *Argument of the Hesperides* Herrick gives a goodly list of his rustic topics, and most alluring do they sound:

> "I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;
> I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.
>
> . . . . . .

I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting ; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King."

His exquisite music is nowhere better shown than in the verses on *Corinna's going a Maying*, and his little poems *Cherry Ripe* and *Gather ye rosebuds while ye may*, are too well known as songs to need comment.

His one passionate love poem, *To Anthea*, beginning, "Bid me to live," forms one of the finest songs in the English language ; and perhaps as interesting as any of his poems to those who cherish his memory, is the *Thanksgiving to God*, in which he enumerates the daily blessings of his life—his little house with its kitchen small, a little buttery with bin and loaf, the glowing fire, the homely meal, and the hen and sheep and kine all ready to minister to his everyday needs.

Such are some of the poems contained in his *Hesperides*, than which it has been said "there is not a sunnier book in the world. To open it is to enter a rich garden on a summer afternoon, and to smell the perfume of a wealth of flowers and warm herbs and ripening fruits."

His other collection of verse, *Noble Num-*

bers, is religious, and suffers by comparison with Herbert's religious poetry from the fact that Herrick entirely lacked the fervent spirit of personal devotion which breathes in every verse of Herbert's. He was a lover of all that is joyous and beautiful, and through his love of created beauty he was lifted at times to thoughts of the Creator, but his religion went little beyond that point. His attitude to heaven is expressed in the cheery lines at the end of the *Arguments*, where he has dwelt with minute care on the earthly items in his song, and ends with the simple statement:

> "I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall
> Of Heaven,—and hope to have it after all."

His religious poems owe their value not to spiritual fervour, but to the vivid wealth of detail in which he excels.

The Litany, in which he utters his last earthly thoughts and wishes, when he feels death drawing near, might well form a companion to Matthew Arnold's poem on his "Last Wish":

> "In the hour of my distress,
> When temptations me oppress,
> And when I my sins confess,
> Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

. . . . .

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a passing soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

. . . . .

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

. . . . .

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd;
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

Herrick was, like George Herbert, a country-parson; but, if one might divide the word, one would say that Herbert wrote always as a parson, and Herrick wrote from a broader, breezier outlook that savoured only of the country. When *in extremis* his cry went up to God, it was not as a parson he cried, hardly as a Churchman, but as one who came at last to seek the Giver

through his loving lifelong joy in the beauty of the gifts.

After Herrick we must give a word of notice to two Royalist poets whose lives were run in stormier paths than his—Richard Lovelace and Sir John Suckling.

Lovelace had a short and chequered career after his early youth, which had been passed in the full blaze of Court favour, and had ill-fitted him for the stormy days on which he fell.

He was rich and popular, and was known as the handsomest man of his time, and possibly these qualities were among the reasons which led to his being chosen to present the Kentish Petition to the House of Commons.

However, personal beauty had little effect upon Cromwell's Parliament, and Lovelace was sent to the Tower.

Later on he was reported as killed, and his betrothed married another. This broke his heart, and ruined his life; he became reckless, and died in want, in a cellar. During his imprisonment he wrote the only two among his lyrics by which he is now remembered, *Going to the War*, in which occurs the famous couplet:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more;"

and *To Althea from Prison*, the last verse of which opens with lines equally well known:

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

Sir John Suckling was born ten years before Lovelace, in 1608, and his life ended in even more tragic gloom than did that of his friend and contemporary.

His career opened with the fairest promise. He had all that youth needs to give happiness—good looks, high birth, friends and money, and the gallant disposition which endeared him to all, and fitted him to shine in times of strife and warfare.

In his early youth he gratified his love of soldiering by serving abroad under the brave Swedish King, Gustavus Adolphus, and when the Civil War began Charles chose him at once as a leader in the Royal ranks. When the Royalist cause was lost he fled to France, and thence to Spain, where he fell into the hands of the Inquisitors. The terrible and mysterious sufferings inflicted upon him by them unhinged his mind, and when at length he escaped to Paris he poisoned himself, and ended his brief life tragically at the age of thirty-three.

His poems, and some not very deserving

dramas, were chiefly written during the years he spent in London and Bath, between the times of his military service under Gustavus and Prince Rupert.

His verses on Lord Falkland and his friends have been already mentioned, and one of the most interesting among his scanty poems is that entitled, *A Ballad upon a Wedding*, in which come the dainty lines :

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they fear'd the light."

His lines run with such a smooth easy rhythm, and are so bright and pleasant, that one longs for the many more poems from his pen which were probably lost almost as soon as written.

In Henry Vaughan we see an admirer and an imitator of George Herbert. Like Herbert, his life was chiefly spent in the country, at Brecknock, in South Wales, and, like Herrick, he regarded this as somewhat of an exile.

He was born in 1621, and followed the profession of a lawyer for a time, and afterwards exchanged it for that of medicine ; but in neither line of life did he achieve any distinction.

His poetry is chiefly religious, and contains a few pieces which leave his master, Herbert, far

behind in their wistful yearning pathos and intense longing after spiritual things. Such are the two poems, beloved by all who study religious poetry, *Eternity*, and *Beyond the Veil.*

It needed deeper insight than Herbert's saintly well-ordered mind could show, to produce such lines as those with which *Eternity* opens:

> "I saw Eternity the other night,
> Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
> All calm, as it was bright;
> And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
> Driv'n by the spheres
> Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
> And all her train were hurl'd."

Vaughan shows us in a few words more vividly than Herbert in his careful verse could ever do—

> "The way which from this dead and dark abode
> Leads up to God."

And *Beyond the Veil*, he sees the whole spirit world, peopled by those who have gone before, and real to him as the world of his own Welsh home.

In style he imitates Herbert freely, but in depth of feeling and clearness of vision he leaves him far behind. The last verse in *Beyond the*

Veil is almost a paraphrase of one of Herbert's, which ends—

> "Oh, show Thyself to me
> Or take me up to Thee."

While Vaughan writes:

> "Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
> My perspective—still—as they pass:
> Or else remove me hence unto that hill
> Where I shall need no glass."

And Traherne gives almost the same expression to the same idea in his poem on *Love*, where he says:

> "His Ganymede! His Life! His Joy!
> Or He comes down to me, or takes me up
> That I might be His boy."

But Herbert and Traherne alike were incapable of penning lines so full of mystic music as Vaughan's wail for his dead friends:

> "They are all gone into the world of light!
> And I alone sit lingering here;
> Their very memory is fair and bright,
> And my sad thoughts doth clear.
>
> It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
> Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
> Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
> After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
  Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
  Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
  High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,
  To kindle my cold love.

. . . . . .

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
  Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
  And into glory peep.

. . . . . .

O Father of eternal life, and all
  Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
  Into true liberty."

Traherne's poems have only just been given to the world from the oblivion in which they have lain for more than two hundred years, and but scanty particulars as to his life are yet known.

He was the son of a Herefordshire shoemaker, which gives him a special interest among the band of well-born court-bred singers with whom his name is associated.

He was born about the year 1636, and entered Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1652, as a commoner, where he is spoken of as "a learned and sober person."

He seems to have been a man of the same gentle kindly nature as the parson of Bemerton, but of a more mystic visionary spirit, which is revealed over and over again in his prose work the *Centuries of Meditation.*

There we get glimpses of the world as it appears to a thoughtful and imaginative child, in a way which has seldom been recorded, and of which, although the form is prose, not poetry, we must quote a few passages for the sake of their beauty of expression. He is looking out upon the world which is new to him, and in which he sees everywhere the beauty which his "eye brings with it the power of seeing":—

"The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. . . . Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels: I knew not that they were born or should die. . . . The city seemed to

stand in Eden or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it."

In spite of religious doubts and difficulties Traherne grew up an ardent Churchman, and he made up his mind to renounce all hope of wealth or worldly advancement so that he should follow that search for true happiness which, he says, "Nature had enkindled in me from my youth." "In which," he goes on to say, "I was so resolute that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes and to feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labour. And God was so pleased to accept of that desire that from that time to this I have had all things plentifully provided for me without any care at all. . . . So that through His blessing I live a free and a kingly life."

So Traherne makes a third, with Herrick and

Sir Thomas Browne, whose "kingly lives" were lifted above the babel of the Civil War.

He took holy orders in 1661, and became Rector of Credinhill, or Crednell, near Hereford, and in 1669 he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Later on he became private chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Keeper of the Seals, and he died in 1674, only three months after the death of his patron.

He never married, and his work contains no love poetry, but deals chiefly with religious subjects. He seems to have been largely influenced, like Vaughan, by the poetry of George Herbert.

His prose works, "Roman Forgeries" and "Christian Ethicks," were published before his death, but his verses were left in MS., and after passing through various hands were sold in the street for a few pence to Mr. William Brooke, and from him they passed to his friend Mr. Dobell, who has lately given them to the world.

Traherne's poetry has something of Wordsworth in its simplicity, and something of Vaughan in its intensity of vision. Take for instance his lines entitled *Wonder*, where we see the same thoughts as in his prose work:

"How like an angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear,
O how their Glory we did crown!
The world resembled his *Eternity*,
In which my soul did walk;
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air,
O how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

. . . . . .

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And everything which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground."

The thought of his participation in the world's beauty and grandeur, his glorious heritage from heaven, runs through all his poetry. In the opening lines on *Amendment* it sounds again:

"That all things should be mine,
This makes His bounty most Divine;"

and this joyous appreciation of things earthly, as a pledge of a heavenly inheritance, never leaves him.

His verse has as yet received little criticism. It surely may rank as religious poetry beside that of Herbert and Keble ; and the beauty of his clear and holy mind is such that one may safely apply to him his own words, that his

> "Thoughts are the angels which we send abroad
> To visit all the parts of God's abode."

In a certain sense Richard Crashaw was also a religious poet, though not so entirely as either Vaughan or Traherne.

Crashaw was born about the year 1613, and was bred up in an atmosphere of religion, as his father was a Prebend both of Ripon and of York, and was also a Puritan preacher at the Inner Temple.

The younger Crashaw was educated at Charterhouse, and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and afterwards became a Fellow of Peterhouse ; and it was while in residence at Cambridge that he became a frequent visitor at Nicholas Ferrar's religious house at Little Gidding, in the neighbourhood, and there imbibed views of the opposite nature from those of his Puritan father. During the troubles of the Civil War Richard Crashaw joined

the Church of Rome, and seemed to find safe shelter within its fold for his gentle mystical nature.

He was a passionate lover of music, which may partly perhaps account for his distaste for the bare worship of Puritanism, and his quiet, earnest soul found its delight in the observances and devotions of the more ceremonial Church, of which he tells in his *Description of a Religious House:*

"Reverent discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
Silence and sacred rest; peace and pure joys.
. . . . . .
The self-remembering soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
Below, but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of Light and intellectual day."

Perhaps it is of Cardinal Newman that these lines, and many others of Crashaw's earnest and melodious verse, remind us most; and the same characteristics may have led each to the same shelter.

Crashaw travelled to Rome in 1648, where he had been appointed a sub-Canon of Loretto, and there he died in the following year.

There remains only one figure of which to speak, among the band of lyric singers whose music has sweetened the memory of the troubled years in which they lived.

Abraham Cowley stands rather apart from the poets of his day. He was neither a courtly nor a religious singer, his verse was rather that of a man of the world; and the fact that he wrote of the world as he saw it, and reflected and pronounced judgment on it as such, may help to account for the waning of his reputation after his death. The succeeding age outgrew his work; his ideas were original, and his judgments striking at the time at which he wrote, but they soon ceased to be new to a new generation which saw clearly by the lights which the older one had kindled.

In his lifetime Cowley enjoyed an extraordinary popularity. He published his first volume of poems when a boy at Westminster; and by the time he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, he had gained a general reputation as a poet.

He was an ardent Royalist, and served the King devotedly at Oxford; and when Henrietta Maria went to France, Cowley followed her thither, and acted as her secretary in her exile.

He returned to England at the Restoration, and lived quietly in the country at Barnes and Chertsey, pursuing his literary and poetical tastes.

His poem *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey* contains some stanzas which speak of Cambridge

in such a way as to recall to our minds Matthew Arnold's words about Oxford in *The Scholar Gypsy*:

"Ye fields of Cambridge—our dear Cambridge, say—
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid."

There is the same idea in each of the brotherhood in university days made ever closer in those long country walks through the flat meadows round Cambridge, or through Hinksey village to the hills of Bagley and Foxcombe.

His poem *On the Death of Mr. Crashaw*, his contemporary within a few years at Cambridge, is another beautiful tribute to friendship.

With tolerance unusual in his day, he writes of Crashaw's joining the Church of Rome:

"Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went,
For even in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
. . . . . .
His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right."

In his *Ode to the Royal Society*, lately founded, Cowley gives a good picture of Bacon stored

with his new knowledge, and eager to impart it to mankind, and in his poem to Hobbes the philosopher, he draws a splendid parallel between him and the discoverer of America, addressing him as "Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies."

Cowley wrote of the men and the questions of his day, and he brought to the construction of his poems, and the essays which he also published, a clear judgment, a reflective mind, and vast stores of learning.

His style was full of conceits, and was somewhat pedantic, but any one reading his verses carefully cannot fail to understand their popularity in his own day.

Such were the Cavalier and lyrist poets whose work forms such a green pasture of refreshment to eyes tired with gazing on the battlefields of Cromwell and Rupert. Some among the singers mingled in the struggle, for some the trial was too fiery to be borne, but in memory they all dwell apart from the strife, as some did in reality, in a soft light that lightens always the holy buildings which Herbert loved, the friends for whom Vaughan and Cowley mourned, and which perhaps sheds its fairest radiance on the gardens of the "Hesperides."

CHAPTER XII

MILTON

ABOVE the bright band of courtier-poets, and the sweet religious singers we have named, towers in grand isolation the majestic figure of John Milton.

He stands, as Shakspere does, apart from his contemporaries, belonging to no special age, produced by no special circumstances, working for no special audience; he stands, rather within another orb, where times and fashions count for nothing, whence issue the grand trumpet songs of genius by which all ages are swayed and inspired, and which is peopled only by the giants who once moved upon the earth, and whose work is an abiding heritage to all mankind, such mighty figures as Homer and Virgil, as Dante, Goethe, and Shakspere.

Milton was born a Londoner, and in London he lived almost all his life. He was a Puritan, at the time when all Englishmen had to declare themselves either Cavaliers or Puritans; but when one drinks in the spirit of his great Christian epic, one feels that what he was in religion he would

have been at any time, and that though circumstances may have contributed to develop his studies in certain paths, Milton would have been the same magnificent uncompromising figure, and would have written "Paradise Lost" even had he lived in the prosperous noonday of great Elizabeth, or the calmer evening of Queen Victoria.

He was born in a house called "The Spread Eagle," in Bread Street, Cheapside, on December 9th, 1608, and on the 20th of the same month he was baptized in the neighbouring church of All-hallows.

His father was an Oxfordshire man, and his grandfather had been keeper of Shotover Forest, whose lonely height overlooks Oxford. At the time of the great poet's birth his father was comfortably established in Bread Street as a scrivener, in which business he prospered so well that he was able to allow his son to live independently for an unusual length of time.

The wife of the elder John Milton was Sarah Jeffrey, whose father was a merchant tailor in the city of London, and both she and her husband must have early noted the unusual development of their boy, whose childhood showed signs of his wonderful intellectual gifts. He was carefully educated, first at home, then at St. Paul's School, which was at that time in a most flourishing con-

dition; and later at Christ's College, Cambridge, which he entered on February 12th, 1625, when little more than sixteen. Milton possessed great personal beauty; he was of medium stature, slender and active; in childhood he had the fair face and seraphic expression of one of his own angels, and throughout his life he never lost the majestic beauty which so well accorded with his mind and writings.

His father had prospered so well that he was able to retire to a pleasant country home at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and thither John Milton went when he had taken his degree at Cambridge, and there he spent some six peaceful years, writing and musing among the sunny meadows of Buckinghamshire. It is to this first and happiest period of his life that most of his shorter poems belong. His grand *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, and his *Verses at a Solemn Musick*, were written while he was at Cambridge; and in *Lycidas*, written in 1637, he mourns the loss of one of his Cambridge friends, Edward King. *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso* were written during his pleasant sojourn in his father's country home.

In the *Hymn on the Nativity* we feel at once, even in the opening lines, that we are in the presence of a majestic faith, before which terms

of controversy, such as *Puritan* and *Prelatist*, are out of place.

> "No war, or battle's sound,
> Was heard the world around."

So says he of the morning which heralded Christ's birth, and so we may feel in all his wonderful imagery of Bible history. It is far removed from the controversial atmosphere which filled the England of his day. It appeals to every time alike, in its grand simplicity of delineation and its glow of spiritual fervour.

> "It was the winter wild,
> Wherein the heaven-born Child,
> All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
> Nature, in awe of Him,
> Had doffed her gaudy trim,
> With her great Master so to sympathise.
> . . . . .
> But peaceful was the night
> Wherein the Prince of Light
> His reign of peace upon the earth began.
> The winds, with wonder whist,
> Smoothly the waters kissed,
> Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
> Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
> While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave."

Lines such as these carry us far from the din of civil and religious controversy. Here it is the old Bible struggle of light with darkness, the conquest by the New-Born Babe of the "Old Dragon," with which our minds are filled, and which could have no end but one; and the

poem finishes by recalling us once more to the solemn stillness of the holy stable, where—

"The Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
. . . .
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable."

Among the shorter poems which belong to this period of Milton's career, are two, which must have been written with a strong sense of personal interest in their subjects, the one on Shakspere, the other on Hobson, the University carrier.

Shakspere died while Milton was winning schoolboy laurels at St. Paul's, and deep must have been the admiration of the ardent young student for his mighty predecessor. His words have a ring of almost personal appropriation about them :—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones—
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
. . . . . .
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hath built thyself a livelong monument.
. . . . . .
And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

These lines were written while Milton was still at Cambridge, fourteen years after Shakspere's

death, and it is not difficult to fancy the clear gaze of those deep eyes of Milton, looking across the narrow gulf that separated him so narrowly, yet so absolutely, from the one English man of letters who was greater than himself.

In the lines *On the University Carrier*, we have a mixture of humour and pathos, rare in Milton's verse.

Hobson, as the heading to the poem tells us, "sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague." His figure, no doubt, was one familiar to Milton throughout his Cambridge days, but little did the worthy carrier dream that the beautiful grave young student with whom he exchanged a word at times when on his journey, would immortalise him for all time in the lines beginning, "Here lies Old Hobson."

It is always on the more serious side of life that Milton chooses to look, and though his memories of the country carrier ploughing through muddy lanes may have been cheery enough, he dwells on the fact that death—

> "Had any time this ten years full
> Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and 'The Bull.'
> . . . . . .
> But lately, finding him so long at home,
> And thinking now his journey's end was come,
> And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
> In the kind office of a chamberlin,

Showed him his room where he must lodge that night;
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed.'"

The second poem on the same carrier contains the oft-quoted line—

"Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,"

and ends with the quaint play upon Hobson's circumstances:

"Ease was his chief disease, and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light."

To this period of Milton's career belong the companion poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, in which he regards life from the point of view of the mirth-loving man and of him who is thoughtful. The poems seem to answer one another throughout, and their very opening lines are an exact antithesis. The one deals with "Laughter holding both his sides," with "the mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty," with Orpheus and Fairy Mab, and with—

"Golden slumbers on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers."

While in *Il Penseroso* the poet calls on the "Goddess sage and holy . . . divinest Melancholy," and on Vesta, the

"Pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train."

There is little of the spirit of Puritanism which desecrated and destroyed so many of our finest religious buildings in his wish:

> "But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale,
> And love the high embowèd roof,
> With antique pillars massy-proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

All that is beautiful to eye or ear is gathered by the inspired singer that it may—

> "Dissolve me into ecstasies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

They are grand conceptions of the grave and the gay aspects of life, especially when coming from the pen of one who had scarcely passed his college days.

Arcades and *Comus*, which belong to the same period of his career as *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are written in a very different style, and carry one back to the days of Elizabeth, and the songs and pageants which were then so constantly prepared for the entertainment of the Virgin Queen.

Arcades formed part of an entertainment given in honour of the aged Dowager Countess of Derby, and *Comus* was a Masque presented before her kinsman the Earl of Bridgewater, at his seat, Ludlow Castle, when he was residing there as Lord President of Wales.

In *Lycidas* comes again a more personal note. There Milton mourns the loss of his old college friend, Edward King, who had been drowned while on his way to Ireland.

He dwells on their former days of loving companionship, speaking of them both as shepherds, according to the fashion of the day in so many poems:

"For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel."

It is a grand elegy on a departed fellow-student, and stands beside that later elegy in which Tennyson mourned his college friend Arthur Hallam, in the undying verses of *In Memoriam*.

While his genius produced these perfectly conceived works, Milton was still living as a member of his father's household, and storing his mind with the vast knowledge of all ages. His life seemed one long preparation for the creation of his great epic, "Paradise Lost." He seemed always to know his own power; he might hold himself back in proud reserve, but he had no moments of diffidence, no time when he did not realise that

he was born a singer for all time. "He studies," says one of his biographers, "piling up the wood on the altar, and conscious of the power to call down fire from heaven when he will."

And yet there was a curious contrast in his career. His intellectual life was one of magnificent achievement, his private life one of absolute failure.

All know the strange story of his marriage with his first wife, Mary Powell. She was the young daughter of an Oxfordshire Royalist, a former friend of Milton's father, and it has been suggested as a reason for the ill-assorted union, that her father gave her to the younger Milton as a simple inexpensive method of discharging his debt to the elder one.

However it came about, the two were married soon after Milton's return from a long tour abroad, where he had amassed stores of knowledge to aid him in his future writings, but had learned nothing as to the guiding and guarding of a gay young wife almost twenty years younger than himself.

She came from a cheerful Royalist household in the pretty village of Forest-Hill, about four miles from Oxford, and she was brought as a bride to a small London home filled with the severe atmosphere of Puritanism, and tenanted not only by her husband, who, genius though

he was, seemed to lack most of the qualities desirable in family life, but by one nephew who was a permanent inmate, and another who came daily to share his uncle's teaching.

Milton's views as to his house appear in the words which speak of his removal from his earlier lodgings in Fleet Street. "Looking round," he said, "for a place to settle in, I hired a house in the city sufficiently large for myself and my books."

In his idea of home life himself and his books evidently came first, and his wife should have had the qualities needed to make her own place in the household. But poor Mary Powell did not possess these qualities, nor did she seem to have any affection sufficient to bind her to her high-souled but uncompromising husband, so that she soon went upon a visit to her parents from which she declined to return, in spite of Milton's repeated commands, and he employed himself in writing a Prose work on the laws of divorce.

He held strict views as to the supremacy of man over woman; primitive views, in fact, which are nobly appropriate in the mouths of Adam and Eve in Paradise, but which were not so well suited to promote comfort in everyday life in Aldersgate Street, in the middle of the seventeenth century. However, his published views, and his behaviour, which showed that he

considered the idea of marrying again if his wife ignored his claim upon her, at length induced Mary Powell to repent her desertion. She contrived a meeting between them at the house of a friend, and falling on her knees, begged his forgiveness, and expressed her willingness to return to her duties.

So peace was made after two years' separation, and Mary returned to Aldersgate Street to find the house filled with more boy pupils during the day, and an additional member added to the household in the person of her old father-in-law.

Milton's writings at this time were in prose, and his time must have been well filled with the number and learning of the works he published and the growing claims of his small school, of which he remained the sole instructor. His methods of education for boys were far in advance of his day; he trained them to understand and to observe, not only to learn by heart, and much that his Treatise on Education advocates has become routine in our own day, to the improvement of English education. The great struggle, religious and political, was growing fiercer around him, and he was gradually drawn into it, though it was not the life he sought.

"I trust," he writes, "to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the

pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk."

In 1649 Milton was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, a post which brought him at once into the midst of the public life of the day. The political correspondence at that time was conducted entirely in Latin, and Milton's knowledge not only of the language itself but of the history and literature of so many European countries, made him a worthy holder of the important post. It was a critical time in which to take office under the Government. Charles I. had not been in his grave half a year; already his memory was working better in his cause than his living presence had ever done, and one of the first tasks which was given to Milton was that of writing an answer to the book which described the sufferings of the ill-starred King. The *Eikon Basilike* purported to be written by Charles himself, and many preferred to believe this rather than the more authentic account of its composition by Dr. Gauden, and its revision by the King on the eve of his trial.

Milton's answer to the *Eikon Basilike* was entitled the *Eikonoklastes*. He undertook the work unwillingly, feeling that "to descant on the misfortunes of a person fallen from so high a dignity, who hath also paid his final debt both to nature and his faults, is neither of itself a thing commendable nor the intention of this discourse." But he had no choice in the matter, owing to his official position, and the treatise was written with his accustomed vigour and force, but gave little scope for his grandeur of eloquence. His *Eikonoklastes* went through three editions within a year, and the *Eikon Basilike* is said to have passed through fifty.

Milton's life was now a busy one, and he wrote with an untiring industry which must have hastened the advance of the terrible enemy against whom his genius and his strength were alike powerless.

For ten years his sight had been slowly failing, and in 1652 the light went out, and he was left in darkness. In his grand portrait of "Samson Agonistes" we see his conception of his own position, and in his sonnet on his blindness we have his own word for his patient endurance of the hardest trial that a man of letters can have to bear. His thought of the long years before him, "in this dark world and wide," now that his "light is spent,"

is answered by the words which burst forth in such simple majesty, and which have become a household text—

> "God doth not need
> Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
> Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
> Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait."

In grand submission to God's will he accepted the darkness that now came upon him. He was too valuable a secretary to be lost, so he was provided with an assistant to write for him. The oculist's art was very different then from what it is now, and little seemed to be attempted, and still less done, to delay or alleviate his affliction. With the same absolute obedience to authority which he always teaches, he accepts his fate, and takes a last look at the faces of the friends he will see no more.

When the shadows have encompassed him altogether, he can still say that "My darkness hitherto, by the singular kindness of God, amid rest and studies, and the voices and greetings of friends, has been much easier to bear than that deathly one. . . . Verily, while only He looks out for me, and provides for me, as He doth; teaching me and leading me forth with His hand through my whole life, I shall willingly, since it hath seemed good to

Him, have given my eyes their long holiday. And to you I now bid farewell, with a mind not less brave and steadfast now than if I were Lynceus himself for keenness of sight."

Henceforth Milton looked no more upon the outside life of the England of his day, but not for one moment did he suffer the darkness to interfere with the useful activity of his career. In every public question he was concerned; his official post gave him knowledge of all foreign and political affairs, and his wise counsel and ready pen were always at the service of the Government and the Lord Protector.

In the year 1652, when his sight had altogether failed him, he moved from his official rooms in Whitehall to a house hard by, in Petty France, Westminster, which he describes as "a pretty garden-house, . . . next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James' Park." Here it is pleasant to imagine him able to sit under the trees in the summer time, and perhaps led thither with the proud patronage of childhood by one of his three little daughters.

But hardly one pleasant glimpse remains to us of the great poet's home life. His wife died after they had lived rather more than a year in the new house, and he was left to bring up his motherless children without even such

help as her doubtful wisdom might have given. The eldest child, Anne, was only seven years old when her mother died, Mary was five, and little Deborah was but a baby. The same grave stern nature which had once repelled the bright young bride seemed now to alienate her children from their father, aggravated as his severity now was by his blindness and dependence. In later years he draws a terrible picture of the three daughters, who might have been such loving helpers and companions to him. In his years of poverty after the Restoration he was doubtless unable to give them many advantages of education or amusement, even had his uncompromising views on the subjection of women not made him deem such care needless, but the result was lamentable. He trained them to read aloud to him, but without teaching them any of the foreign languages in which much of the reading had to be done. Anne, the eldest, was lame and deformed, and so ill-taught that she could not write at all. As they grew up their father exacted their attendance upon him with a severity that made it irksome where there was no affection to sweeten it on either side. It is terrible to hear that "they made nothing of deserting him"; that "they did combine together and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings"; and that

"they had made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the dunghill-woman." Truly those who have given most to the world have not always been the most successful rulers in their own households.

For a brief period during their childhood the girls had had a stepmother, but Milton's second wife, Catherine Woodcock, to whom he seemed sincerely attached, died with her baby before they had been married sixteen months. In 1662 he married for the third time, driven to it, no doubt, by the discomforts of his home life, and Elizabeth Minshull, though thirty years his junior, made him a good and careful wife for the rest of his life.

With the Restoration came of course a complete change in the position of the great poet; indeed, it is difficult to see how he managed to escape death at the time of the execution of the regicides. He had been Cromwell's very mouthpiece; he had answered the dead King's supposed *Eikon* with a furious counterblast; he had been involved in every political question during the Protectorate.

Perhaps he had influential friends amongst the Royalists, to which cause all his first wife's family had been ardently pledged, or perhaps his blindness won pity for him, or his genius admiring

exemption. Whatever the reason, his life was spared, but from henceforth he dwelt in poverty and obscurity, which made the dissensions in his family life all the more lamentable.

But to this last period, the time of blindness, want, and sorrow, belongs the creation of the greatest English epic, "Paradise Lost." That, with its sequel, "Paradise Regained," and the "Samson Agonistes," were all published between the time of his fall from office, and that of his death. "Paradise Lost," on which he was employed for seven years, was published in 1667, and its sequel, together with the tragedy of "Samson Agonistes," were published in 1671, three years before his death.

No words within a narrow scope can give any idea of the marvellous epic which was the masterpiece of the blind poet. It has about it the simple grandeur of the Bible narrative, with fire and vivid detail, and perfect working out of the awful fate of disobedience, such as thrill one afresh at every study of its pages. The lines roll on in a majesty never equalled before or since in the English language; its style is so simple that boys and girls can gather the story and enjoy it, and its truths are so deep that the wisest men and women grow old in studying them. There is nothing like it in our literature;

scene after scene rises before one, each distinct from the other, each fraught with the same marvellous reality.

The Meeting of Parliament on the Hills of Flame, when the fallen angels conceive their scheme of vengeance against the Almighty God for their expulsion from Heaven; Satan's journey through Space, and his coming to the newly-created Earth; Adam and Eve's calm life of bliss in the Garden of Innocence, untroubled by the knowledge of aught but God and happiness; then the encounter between Eve and the Serpent, Eve's fall, and Adam's pathetic protest that his love for her makes him prefer to fall with her rather than to stand alone; and then the sad, sad change that falls over the whole scene, where the knowledge of evil has entered in; the shame and the sin, the flight from the presence of the Lord of the Garden, when He walks in the cool of the evening, His questioning, His forgiveness, and His promise for the Redemption of the World in the ages to come: such are the scenes which succeed one another in equal power and majesty.

There is hardly a more lovely picture in literature than that of the repentant Adam and Eve, having accepted their punishment with humble submission, and feeling within their hearts the "spirit of prayer."

"Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory."

"Paradise Regained" is much shorter, and deals with the redemption of the world by Christ's coming, and with His temptation in the wilderness by Satan.

There is far less life and action than in the earlier poem, and the dialogue is more lengthened: the ancient kingdoms of the world pass in turn under review by the tempter, and their glories are recounted; then the scene shifts back again to the desert, where a fierce storm rages and the Saviour is left alone—

"O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken."

Then comes the final temptation upon the summit of the temple, and the victory—

"'Tempt not the Lord thy God,' he said, and stood:
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell."

Then appears the choir of ministering angels, and with their glad song of triumph the poem ends.

"Samson Agonistes" is a magnificent tragedy, constructed, as Milton says in his preface, on

purely classical models. "The circumscription of time," he says, "wherein the whole drama begins and ends is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours."

The work has a peculiar interest from the fact that in Samson's character, his affliction, his troubles, and his resignation, Milton describes himself and his own feelings. In the last words of Israel's hero, as he goes forth to his tragic self-imposed death, we may well hear Milton's own farewell to earth—

> "Happen what may, of me expect to hear
> Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy;
> Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
> The last of me or no I cannot warrant."

And to the grand figure of Milton, working almost until his death in blindness and obscurity, never stooping for a moment from the heights of God, where he had climbed unaided from the chaos of religious strife around him, we can bid farewell in no fitter words than those which his chorus apply to the Jewish hero—

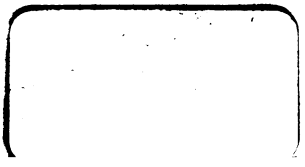
> "Samson hath quit himself
> Like Samson, and heroicly hath finish'd
> A life heroic."

So Milton died, and no such epic poet has arisen in England since his day.

Perhaps it needs stirring times to produce figures such as his and Shakspere's; or perhaps another Milton is even now growing up amongst us. Be that as it may, certain it is that in times of quiet their work can be best appreciated.

If we would live again in the England of Milton's day, we must study his life and learn his lessons. But, besides his mighty figure, towering alone in self-reliant majesty, we must follow the lives of those of his time who helped to make England what he knew it, and who have each left a mark, though in some cases but a faint one, upon the busy years between the reigns of James I. and James II.

Through the din of battle and the strife of tongues we must try to see clearly the great figure of the Puritan General, Oliver Cromwell, with his harsh stern face and his honest lofty soul fixed always on the one goal, the freedom of the English people. We must follow from the palace to the scaffold the pathetic figure of Charles Stuart, in his weak and troubled life and his heroic death, and pity him that, endowed with such a nature, he should yet "have been born a King." We must try to catch truthful echoes —distant though they be—of those debates at Westminster in which once Pym and Hampden joined; and across the water we must follow

Strafford and Clarendon in their arduous work, which merited greater reward than was bestowed by either Charles. We must follow the bell that leads to Herbert's church porch, and while we bow with Laud and Jeremy Taylor in reverence to the Church's teaching, we must feel, too, the grandeur and purity of lives such as those of Baxter and Fox. From the band of lyric singers we must catch the sweet music of the day, whether sounding from Herrick's Devonshire parsonage, or deeper, sadder notes from the troubled life of camp or town. We must stand in awe for a moment on the mountains which Bunyan saw so plainly, and try to catch the glimpse he caught through the shepherd's glasses of the City that belongs to no age or nation; and then, at the end, we may stand beside the blind poet with some faint appreciation of the difficulties in which his lot was cast, and to which perhaps he owed the clearest insight poet has ever shown into the wonderful dealings of the Creator, and "man's first disobedience."

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Edinburgh & London